OUTLOOK
and Independent

VOL. 158—No. 16

AUGUST 19, 1931

"Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."
—Theodore Roosevelt

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Sometimes our great national indoor game is like war and often intensely commercial. An amusing article for partners who dissent about bridge.

Crossing the Color Line
By Caleb Johnson
It is estimated that each year 10,000 persons of diluted Negro ancestry "pass" from colored to white society. This article tells of the "passers" and of the findings of the Carnegie Institute in its study of Bermuda and Jamaica families of faded Negro ancestry.

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WITH OUR READERS

Gangster Movies

To the Editor: *Norfolk, Va.*

SIR—In connection with the article in the OUTLOOK—issue of July 29—with respect to underworld moving pictures vs. crime news in the newspapers Mr. Pitkin seems to have overlooked what is probably the most potent factor in connection with the problem: we can't remember everything we read. If we undertook to do that, we would soon be overburdened; they would soon have to put us under the sod or in a hospital for feebleminded. We can remember but few of the things we read when we were children. We have even forgotten most of what was crammed into us when we went to school. On the contrary, what we see we remember without being burdened. We can remember things we saw when we were small children—and so on down through the years. The most of them we can visualize at will; we can see them in our mind's eye as clearly as we saw them at the time. What we hear we can more easily remember than what we read. That is the main reason why the underworld moving pictures are more harmful than the crime news in the newspapers.

The Russians realize this: that is why they are, so largely, using moving pictures (and the radio) to teach and spread their wretched and untruthful propaganda. They can teach the young, and those of all ages who cannot read, in this way, and they will always be able to remember.

That is the reason showing the underworld pictures in our own country is doing so much harm. Also it is the reason why the showing of underworld pictures made in America, throughout the world, is doing the United States of America so much harm; by giving other nations an untruthful and wrong idea of the United States.

If the time ever comes—is it hoping against hope that it ever will come—when moving pictures will show things which are really worth while, and truthfully depict life in the United States instead of making pictures for the morons, the morbid and imbeciles, it will be a fine thing. It is a great pity that an art which is so wonderful should be almost entirely used to depict and disseminate what is rotten and harmful, instead of being used to accomplish good by picturing things which would be helpful to the people throughout the earth, by raising their morals instead of lowering them, instead of instilling in the minds of children the idea that the career of a crook is a grand and glorious thing and that the life of the gunman, gangster or racketeer is "The Life."

B. L. HOUTZ.

Presidential Privacy

To the Editor: *Chapel Hill, N. C.*

SIR—I think that there must be several millions of Americans like myself who did not vote for Mr. Hoover but who are disgusted with the attempts on the part of the news writers to cast reflections upon him merely because he wants a little privacy. It is not of the slightest interest to me what the Hoovers have for breakfast at their camp, nor what they do there. I don't care whether they catch any fish or not and the newspapers can't make me care. Nor does this attitude arise from any lack of interest in the Hoovers either. If the reporters are right about what the public wants, then all I have to say is that we are a race of morons and we won't much longer be able to hide the fact from the world. No people except the mentally stunted would ever think of imposing upon the Chief Executive of the nation the way we do. What can possibly be the sense in allowing the President to be dragged out on the White House lawn to be photographed with the National Organization of Morticians, or the Boys' Bank from Squeedunk? If we put this silly kind of publicity above the affairs of the nation it won't be long before we will be completely sunk, and the newspapers will have to bear a good part of the blame for making the people think that they want to know every little detail of the President's life to the exclusion of vital matters. What we want to know is what the President thinks about the tariff, about the League of Nations, or the World Court, and about our own Supreme Court, the Wickersham Reports and a thousand other things of real importance to the country. To follow the President around in the hope that if his car happens to run over a cat the photographers will be there to get the picture of it is too absurd for words.

A. W. HOBBS.

Country Folk and City Slickers

To the Editor: *Clarksville, Ohio*

SIR—I did not know that you could find two such egotistical snobs in America as Roland W. Baggott and Philip McKee. With all their boasted contacts with rural people it is plain to be seen that they still cherish their preconceived opinions of hicks. Today when the sons and daughters of farmers everywhere are attending their state universities, where they have access to the best literature, both current and ancient, when with highways everywhere and with practically every rural family owning a car—then these sophisticated gentlemen come along and laugh at the ruralites. The writer has lived many years in large cities (is neither a Baptist, nor a Methodist, nor a member of any other church) and for pure unadulterated ignorance there's no place in his opinion can equal one of our American cities. One can meet nicely dressed, handsome people who display an appalling ignorance not only of life but of the country in which they live, of customs and laws and any general information. The past is a blank to them. They use the crudest kind of English and have the wildest ideas of how every problem should be solved. The above mentioned article deserves nothing but contempt and one can well understand that such snobbish hypocrites could not get very far with country people.

W. T. SULLIVAN.

Remarkable These Remarks

To the Editor: *Stockbridge, Mass.*

SIR—As a subscriber to the OUTLOOK, and having just now read the disgusted comments on your "Remarkable Remarks" column of your "Disgusted Subscriber" of Hillsboro, O., I am free to say that, in so far as that column is concerned, I quite agree with your Ohio subscriber as to their more than occasional inanity and banality. Indeed, so inane and banal are many, if not most, of those so-called "Remarkable Remarks" that, were it not for the fact of their prominence in origin, either politically, financially, socially, or theatrically, I have never been able to understand why the OUTLOOK published them at all, much less ever paid cash to those who dug them up. In other words, that has always seemed to me about the only remarkable thing concerning your "Remarkable Remarks" column.

ADRIEN B. HERZOG.

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St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"AH! THE BOYS WHO UPSET THE APPLECART!"

(Published in the absence of Cesare, now on vacation)

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

August 19, 1931

▸▸ Trend of the Week ◂◂

▸▸*Shaw Looks at Russia*

GO EAST, young man, says George Bernard Shaw. "Go to Russia and settle there." Shaw says he would have stayed in Russia himself if he were eighteen, which, of course, he isn't. He's seventy-five and hence has a fifty-seven-year margin of safety. So Shaw is back in England now, keeping his name in print, doing as well by himself as he did on his front-page trip through Russia, a trip indicating that no human experiment is too big for Shaw to use for personal publicity.

One day he is declaring that all other nations besides Russia are acting absurdly and urging them to follow Russia's example. The next he is addressing Britons as Tovarishi (the Russian word for Comrades) and pointing out how religious is the anti-religious system of the Soviets. Shaw says the Russian leaders were astonished and amused when he advanced that idea. If so, they were astonished and amused by a platitude.

So it goes. So it went while Shaw was in Russia. There he praised Lenin to the skies, got a lengthy interview with Stalin, took care to wear a red necktie and swore that he liked black bread and cabbage. To Shaw it was "a pity they can't do something like this in England." To Shaw, "Russia is all right and we are all wrong." To Shaw, "The people of London are fools; the people of Moscow are sensible." And to Shaw every sentence is a potential headline.

▸▸*Prediction*

As TO that question which Representative Lamneck of Ohio has just asked President Hoover—"Would you as President of the United States sign a bill legalizing the manufacture and sale of light wines and beer, if such a measure were to be enacted by Congress?" —we predict that the President will do one of three things. He will answer "No," he will not answer at all or he will answer evasively. We do not believe the recurrent rumor that Mr. Hoover is about to declare for wines and beer. If he were, he would answer Representative Lamneck's question with a simple "Yes," and we predict that he will not do so. Why? Primarily because the drys, through the Methodist Prohibition Board, have warned him that they will bolt him on election day if he becomes either wet or moist. So remember our prediction: Mr. Hoover will answer Representative Lamneck in the negative, he will keep silent or he will dodge. If this prediction proves false we shall gladly eat our words. Moreover we'll eat them publicly.

▸▸*The Unrelieved Farmer*

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S second answer to the farmer's prayer is proving as worthless as his first. On July 18 he ascribed the farmer's plight to the Central European crisis and declared that, through his moratorium, "the major problem in this connection has been solved." When a subsequent fall in wheat prices played havoc with this statement, he greeted the farmers with the happy idea that the Federal Farm Board would sell wheat and cotton to Germany on easy credit terms. Yet now hardly any one expects the sale to Germany of a single bale of cotton or a lonesome sheaf of wheat.

For Mr. Hoover, that's not all. The farmer is not merely disillusioned; he's enraged. What was held out as a plan that would help him by helping the Germans has become, in his mind, a plan that would help the Germans by hurting him. Here's how: Suggested sales to Germany were to be made from holdings by the Farm Board and its adjuncts of nearly 300,000,000 bushels of wheat and about 4,000,000 bales of cotton. Since Germany's buying power was very limited there never was any chance that the sales would greatly reduce these holdings. Yet many farmers were convinced that any sales at all by the Farm Board would reduce their own sales unless compensated for by more purchases of their stores by the Farm Board. Protests along this line probably had much to do with the Farm Board's rejection of the German offer to buy 600,000 bales of cotton and with its present coldness to the similar German bid for 22,000,000 bushels of wheat. In any case, another farm-relief plan is going on the rocks.

Like the Farm Board itself. For months its failure has been evident. Despite its holdings of wheat and cotton, prices therefor are hitting new lows day by day. In addition, there are great carryovers of both wheat and cotton and bumper crops in prospect. The worst of it is not merely the dismal outlook for the farmer but the fact that he stands ready to storm Congress in behalf of another expensive, though futile, relief plan and that there is probably no way of stopping him.

▸▸*In Justice to Doherty*

HENRY L. DOHERTY, president of the Cities Service Company, has been the target for considerable chiding that seems to us unjustified. The occasion is his purchase of a half interest in the

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Kansas City *Journal-Post* with which to wage war on the Kansas City *Star*, which in turn is waging war for lower

Keystone

STAYS IN SADDLE
Dr. Otto Braun, premier of the Prussian state

gas rates by Doherty utilities in Kansas. The majority opinion seems to be that Mr. Doherty has done something that is not only foolish but somehow slightly wicked. With that opinion we cannot agree.

We hold no brief for Mr. Doherty. We know nothing of the merits of the libel suit he recently instituted against the *Star* or the merits of the *Star's* campaign for lower gas rates or the merits of Mr. Doherty's plea to the trustees of the *Star* to dismiss the present management. We do not believe that it is very good business or very effective propaganda for him to buy half a newspaper in order to get his statements prominently into print. It would be cheaper to buy advertising space or simply to put two-cent stamps on his statements and send them along as letters to the *Star's* editor, who doubtless would be happy to publish them.

But our points are, first, that Mr. Doherty is entirely within his rights in fighting a newspaper with a newspaper, and, secondly, that he is being uncommonly candid and aboveboard about it. He would be more deserving of rebuke had he acquired secret ownership or control of a newspaper and used it to further his own interests, as many others have done in essentially similar circumstances, and not politicians alone. But here he is putting his cards on the table, notifying the public of his intentions so that, if it chooses, it may dismiss his side of the case as mere special pleading. Here he is ready and willing to assume full responsibility for everything he says. What's blameworthy about that? It strikes us as admirably honest.

▶▶*The Prussian Plebiscite*

It is not easy to explain why the Prussians voted as they did on August 9, when the people of that most important state, the very heart and pulse of the German Republic, went to the polls. Both the German Fascists and other parties of the extreme Right and the German Communists and other parties of the extreme Left had asked the electorate to vote for the dissolution of the Prussian Diet. This legislature is controlled by a moderate coalition, in general the same which has controlled the Republic while it has been borne down to poverty, loss of credit and the brink of bankruptcy. Apparently the Prussians had reached a point where the normal reaction was to strike at the parties in power by voting overwhelmingly for dissolution of the Diet. They did no such thing. The 9,700,000 votes for dissolution were 3,600,000 short of the number required to achieve it, 2,500,000 short of the number won by the pro-dissolution parties in the general elections last September. As the eleven months since then have seen Germany go from bad to worse, the failure of the dissolution move was a striking political paradox.

However obscure the cause, certain immediate effects of the vote are fairly clear. It brings confidence not only to the Prussian moderates and their Premier, Dr. Otto Braun, but also to the moderate German government headed by Chancellor Bruening. So far as Prussia is an index to all Germany, the vote reveals that the nation can take terrific economic punishment without turning from parliamentary government to Fascism or Communism. This should hearten Germany's creditors, well aware that her extremist parties are working tooth and nail for repudiation of the reparations agreement. The gains of the extremists last September distinctly weakened Germany's credit structure; their losses now should tend to strengthen it a bit.

Yet no miracle has been wrought in Germany. The Prussian vote helps to hold off political chaos there just as the moratorium helps to hold off financial chaos. Neither, however, offers any guarantee for the future; both are stopgaps. Despite the moratorium there remains the threat of Germany's financial disruption unless plans are laid for the revision of reparations and for provision of means whereby Germany can secure trade surpluses necessary to pay her creditors. On the political side is a threat scarcely less potent. The 9,700,000 nationalist votes in Prussia are not to be scorned. When the extremist parties can round up so many votes in an impersonal referendum, there is no telling what they might do in a parliamentary election.

▶▶*For Vulture Peplums*

All we know about fashions is what we see about us. All we have seen this summer has been flowered chiffon frocks trailed over hot asphalt by women who should have learned better. All we see now is Empress Eugenie hats with white plumes worn in the subway by women who are not built for them. We have commented on these hats. We are against them.

Meanwhile, those exciting semi-annual cabled reports from Paris are regularly in the newspapers, chronicling the new fall fashions in detail. We spoke of these fashion cables in the spring, lamenting that twice each year one reads of delightful, exotic things women will be wearing and that apparently women never do wear them. We have seen none of these delicious vagaries predicted in

International

HITS STAR WITH POST
Henry L. Doherty, big gas-and-newspaper man

February. No organdie petticoats, no tiny summer muffs of chiffon, no transparent pajamas, none of the new silk

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material called angel's skin. Nothing but limp flowered chiffon, worn where it should not be worn.

Nor do we have the slenderest hope of seeing the new fall fashions which are now so stimulating to read about. But we'd like to. We'd like to see a crinoline evening gown of black tulle with hoops trimmed with bands of ostrich. A Gibson Girl pink feather boa. Black lace gowns with peekaboo bodice effect. Wrist-length gloves trimmed with lace frills. A furred Capuchin collar forming a hood on a sports coat. Cream wool Arabian trousers. Turkish harem pajamas, lavishly embroidered. An evening gown with a double train through which the wearer thrusts her feet in order to walk. A train clipped on one side to the wearer's ankle. Plucked vulture feathers for trimming. And a vulture peplum on a white evening gown.

We want to see all these things, but we don't expect to. Instead there will be only the funny hats with the phony plumes; those, and the usual number of women who look all right wearing much the same clothes they always wear. Is fashion simply a bi-annual publicity stunt by the Paris Chamber of Commerce to get that city's name in the papers?

▶▶*The Third Degree*

Good for the Wickersham commission! In pointing out the prevalence and brutality of the so-called third degree in its report on "Lawlessness in Law Enforcement," it has rendered a valuable public service. Though this police practice is common in most large cities, the fact is not widely realized. Hearing police officials steadily and stoutly deny that their departments extort confessions from prisoners, the public does not know whether to believe them or not.

Now the Wickersham commission reports instances of the third degree in "considerably over half the states," in cities ranging from New York to San Francisco and from Seattle to Miami. The old familiar methods are still in vogue—victims are struck with rubber hose, kicked, punched, held incommunicado, questioned interminably, intimidated, starved or kept awake until they are exhausted. Not only are such methods illegal, the commission says; they brutalize the police, harden the prisoner, discourage the search for objective evidence, jeopardize the innocent and lower respect for the administration of justice.

"Shocking in its character and extent," the third degree, the commission declares, is "violative of American traditions and institutions and not to be tolerated." True enough. But the commission's report nevertheless has a hole in it—it fails to recommend any adequate substitute to insure convictions. Unspeakable as the third degree is, it cannot be denied that it often works. Hence it will be continued until some method is evolved by which the police can produce comparable results.

It is easy enough to say "Find an efficient substitute." It will prove extremely difficult to find one, as the recommendations in this report show. But one must nevertheless be found if the third degree is not to persist until—some time in the distant future—juries consistently refuse to convict prisoners who have been third-degreed and graft and rotten politics no longer destroy the competence and efficiency of police departments and so render them dependent upon brutal short-cuts. Meanwhile the repellent fact is that the police will tend to be as brutal as usual when the third degree means the difference between obtaining a conviction and not obtaining one or between keeping their jobs and losing them.

▶▶*The Commissioners Shy*

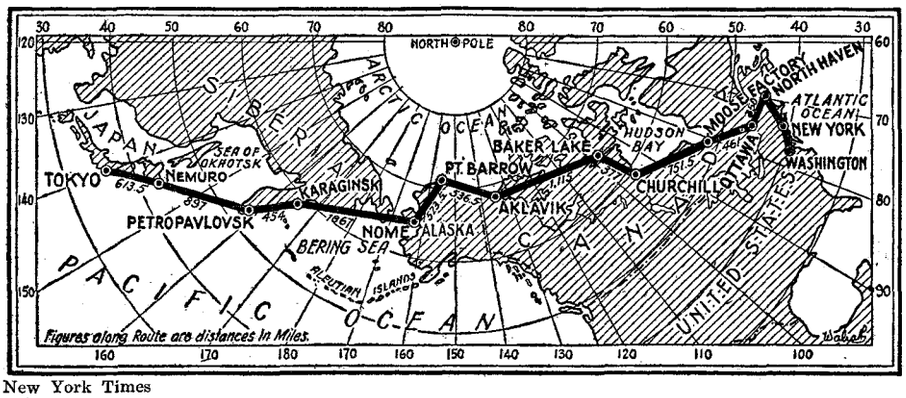
The report on "Lawlessness in Law Enforcement" also embodies another Wickersham pronunciamento on California's sickening imprisonment of Mooney and Billings. From the commissioners' words one turns away disappointed and chagrined. Instead of aiding the two prisoners, and hence aiding justice, they sharply refuse to enter or examine that unhappy affair. While they embellish their refusal with excuses, arguments and reasons, it still lacks the smack of sincerity.

The Wickershammers protest too much. A few weeks ago they called the Mooney-Billings case "shocking to one's sense of justice." Now they shy from it much as they shied from prohibition, and probably for much the same reason: it is too hot to handle comfortably. They cannot investigate the case, they say, because "the commission has no power to examine witnesses or redetermine facts"; because "The commission was not appointed to sit in review upon the judgment of the courts of any state," because their discussion would be beyond the limits of propriety, and so on. In short, they seem less eager to discuss the case than to find reasons for not discussing it.

The commissioners could have got around the barriers they mention. Had they actually desired an investigation, and if they did not wish to launch one themselves, they could at least have recommended that the President instigate one. Who cares who the investigators are so long as they are able, impartial, beyond the reach of California politics? Who cares whence the remedy comes, just so it is swift and certain?

▶▶*Memo For Flight Fans*

At the time of this writing the Lindberghs, who left New York for Japan on July 27, were forced down by fog 125 miles northeast of Nome . . . . Hugh Herndon and Clyde Pangborn, who flew eastward from New York on July 28 in an attempt to better the Post-Gatty round-the-world record of 8 days, 15 hours, 51 minutes, had abandoned their project and were in Tokio contemplating a flight across the Pacific . . . . Parker Cramer and his mechanic, Oliver Pacquette, flying from Detroit to Copenhagen by easy jumps, had not been heard from since taking off from the Shetland Islands, north of Scotland



New York Times

THE LONG, LONG TRAIL
Route of Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh from Washington to Tokio

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. . . . The Akron, largest airship in the world, had been christened by Mrs. Hoover and launched for the navy . . . . Captain Wolfgang von Gronau, who last year flew to New York across the North Atlantic's island route, was flying from Germany to Greenland . . . . And, believe it or not, the DO-X, world's largest airplane, had started from Brazil to the United States to complete the voyage begun at Altenrhein, Switzerland, last November 5.

Let this constitute our memorandum for flight fans. We suppose there are still some flight fans left.

▶▶*Aframericans*

A FEW years ago there were hot discussions over the migration of the southern Negro to industrial centers of the North and West. Thanks to statistics issued by the Census Bureau, the actual extent of this movement may now for the first time be seen. From 1920 to 1930 the number of Negroes in the South increased by five per cent, the number in the West by 53 per cent and the number in the North by 63 per cent. Hence, while in 1920 the North and West held fifteen out of every hundred Negroes, in 1930 they held twenty-one. The movement, however, is a continuing rather than a new development, since the North and West had but 12 out of every hundred Negroes in 1910 as compared with fifteen in 1920.

The Census Bureau figures destroy many theories, particularly the theory that the South would be relieved of its race problems by being relieved of many of its Negroes. With more Negroes in the South in 1930 than ever before, the migration has changed nothing as far as the problems of the South are concerned. It has simply injected these problems into a few industrial centers of the North and West—especially the North, which has 95 per cent of the Negroes living outside the South. Unfortunately the extension of these problems has brought them no nearer solution. Segregation of the Negro and discrimination against him have flourished in the North and West as in the South. The Negro has yet to find green pastures.

As to the old familiar fear that the Negro will some day dominate the United States, it is not supported by the census figures. Compared to the decade 1910-1920, to be sure, the decade 1920-1930 produced a slightly lower rate of increase for the white population and a much higher rate of increase for the Negroes, but, even so, the white population increased faster than the black. When the last decade opened, 99 out of every 1000 inhabitants were Negroes as compared with 97 when it closed. With less than twelve million Negroes and about 122 million whites, the Negro race has no chance whatever to catch up.

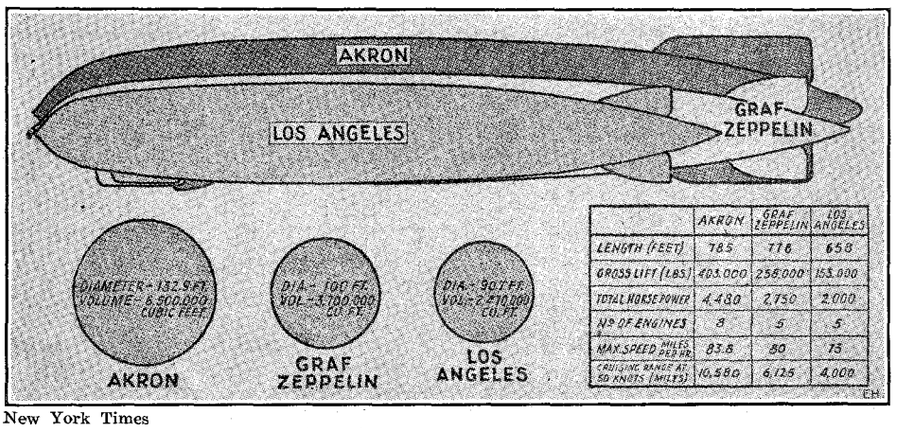
▶▶*Militia Bill's Latest*

ALFALFA BILL, they call Governor Murray of Oklahoma, and Cocklebur Bill, Bolivia Bill and so on. They might well call him Militia Bill too. Some days ago Governor Murray used state troopers to open up a public bridge over the Red River. More recently he used them again, to close down three thousand of Oklahoma's oil wells. Sensational as this action appears, it is not entirely divorced from the economics of the situation.

Crude oil prices have been falling for years, not so much because of the depression as because of over-production. Though the over-supply has been world-wide as well as nation-wide, the fact that oil is not a uniform commodity made it possible for blows to be struck at the problem in Oklahoma and California, whose governments reduce the supply by prorating the production among the different oil fields. By the first of this year the nation's daily production—2,600,000 barrels in early 1930—had been cut to 2,100,000 barrels. The applecart was upset, however, by the rapid development of a new field in East Texas, in surface area apparently the largest ever discovered. Almost immediately the daily production there jumped from 10,000 to 500,000 barrels. Since Texas had no prorating plan, all was chaos; the price of oil at the well dropped from a dollar a barrel in January to nineteen cents in July. Then, with profits diminishing, some wells were closed and, toward the end of the month, the price was boosted to fifty cents.

But the situation was still far from the liking of Governor Murray. On the one side the Governor saw state schools whose oil lands are leased on contracts providing an income proportionate to the price of oil. For them low prices meant meagre income. On another side he saw a chance to make a ten-strike with the independent producers who, unable to sell save at the well, were harder hit by low prices than the larger producers whose pipelines, refineries and filling stations permitted sales at retail prices. Conspicuous among the latter was Governor Murray's old enemy, the Sinclair Oil and Gas Company. So the Governor demanded a dollar a barrel from the purchasing companies, and, when he didn't get it, sent the troops to the wells.

Politically his action may help him more than it will hurt him. Legally, it may be sound, since it is based on a state law declaring that oil shall not be produced when its price "drops below its intrinsic value." Economically, the situation is not so simple. The stoppage of production in Oklahoma, together with voluntary shutdown movements in Texas, may strengthen the price for a time. But higher prices may be expected to quicken production and hence lower prices again. If a major cause of the difficulty lies in Texas, a permanent cure can hardly come from Oklahoma.



	AKRON	GRAF ZEPPELIN	LOS ANGELES
LENGTH (FEET)	785	776	658
GROSS LIFT (LBS.)	403,000	256,000	155,000
TOTAL HORSEPOWER	4,480	2,750	2,000
No. OF ENGINES	8	5	5
MAX. SPEED (MILES PER HR.)	83.8	80	75
CRUISING RANGE AT 50 KNOTS (MILES)	10,580	6,125	4,000

New York Times

BIG, LITTLE AND MIDDLE-SIZED
Graphic comparison of the world's three great dirigibles

▶▶*Follow Through*

THERE have been the following developments in two cases recently discussed in these pages:

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A $60,000,000 suit has been filed by the New York State Banking Department against forty directors of the closed Bank of United States. Like the recent conviction for misapplication of funds of three of the directors who were officers of the bank, this action should tend to discourage doubtful practices in banking circles both in New York and elsewhere. Whether it will materially reduce the losses of the bank's 400,000 depositors is quite another thing.

Jack ("Legs") Diamond, New York bootlegger, who set up shop in the Catskills and was recently acquitted of torturing a farmer there to obtain information about a rival still, has been convicted by a federal jury in New York City on two charges—operation of a still and conspiracy to violate the prohibition law. So Diamond, presumably, will go to jail, while far more important underworldlings go free. His conviction does not change the fact that the prohibition laws are enriching a hundred racketeers for every one they entrap.

▶▶*Melting Pot No Longer*

WHILE America stopped being a melting pot some time ago, the fact was dramatized during the fiscal year ending on June 30. During that year immigration fell below 100,000 for the first time since the Civil War, while emigration rose to 61,000. The entire movement produced a net population increase of but 36,000, as compared with 190,000 the year before. The difference between the two years may be attributed largely to the depression. The difference between the present-day influx and that of pre-war years, however, may be attributed to our recent laws restricting immigration. In 1914, for instance, the total immigration of 1,400,000 meant a net increase of 80 aliens for each 10,000 inhabitants. In 1930 the net increase for each 10,000 was fifteen, in 1931 only three.

Of the 61,000 emigrants, only 18,000 were deported, a fact which ruins the efforts of Secretary of Labor Doak to have his deportation drive viewed as an important step in the relief of unemployment. Despite all his strenuous and widely advertised endeavors, the deportations of the fiscal year 1931 exceeded those of 1930 by but 1,500 and those of the boom year 1929 by but 6,000.

Publication of the deportation figures, however, again raised the question of the Labor Department's methods of procedure. On August 7, four days after the figures were published, the Wickersham commission called certain deportation tactics despotic and inhumane, others "unconstitutional, tyrannic and oppressive." The immigration officials combine the functions of detective, prosecutor and judge. By them, says the Wickersham commission's report, families are permanently separated without discretion, the immigrant's insecurity prolonged, his mental and moral stabilization delayed. As a remedy for this situation it suggests the creation of a Board of Alien Appeals, with members appointed by the President, to conduct hearings and decide when deportation is warranted. It is an excellent suggestion.

▶▶*Janus at Washington*

JANUS, the Latin deity represented with two faces looking in opposite directions, is plainly the great god of the Hoover Administration. Facing both ways is the Administration's favorite exercise. Who knows whether a given Hoover policy is right or wrong when no one knows what it is?

Take Mr. Hoover's policy on military expenditures. Ever since the beginning of the year the Administration has been feeding the newspapers with yarns indicating that, at Mr. Hoover's insistence, great economies were to be effected in the army and navy. The strength of the Marines would be reduced by 1200 men, old army posts would be abandoned and all sorts of things would be done to cut the expenses of these two services to the quick. As for the navy, not content with earlier economies, it eventually achieved another by magnificently discovering that certain goods, having grown less expensive, could be bought more cheaply. And that's the way it's been going—one big economy move after another. The general impression had been that Mr. Hoover desired an army of one private armed with an inexpensive cap pistol and a navy of a single sailor in a fifteen-dollar rowboat.

Remarkable Remarks

Conditions governing the Remarkable Remarks contest will be found on Page 512.

With the organized coöperation of local and state and federal authorities, and the large number of relief and charitable organizations, the problem [unemployment] was successfully handled last winter.—HERBERT HOOVER.

John P. Egan, 615 Fifth Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., $5 prize.

Never in my life have I been more optimistic of this country's prosperity than today.—CHARLES M. SCHWAB.

Henry C. Suter, S. Jacksonville, Fla., $2 prize.

Industry in the United States never was in a better or sounder position to take care of itself in a depression than it is today.—E. G. GRACE.

Mrs. H. L. Erdman, 521 12th St. N. W., Canton, Ohio, $2 prize.

The trouble with the country is that a man goes downtown with money in his pockets and returns home with it still there instead of spending it.—J. C. PENNEY.

C. M. Litteljohn, 2523 Juneau St., Seattle, Wash., $2 prize.

The population of the United States is today 122,000,000. A reasonable estimate of the position is that 100,000,000 people are obeying the dry law.—EVANGELINE BOOTH.

Mrs. H. L. Love, 256 E. 1st North St., Provo, Utah, $2 prize.

The racket business is not what it is cracked up to be.—AL CAPONE.

O. C. Dawkins, Jr., Monroe, Louisiana, $2 prize.

Having a millionaire father can be a terrible nuisance.—ROGER WOLFF KAHN.

J. Philip Howard, Hubbardston, Mass., $2 prize.

Love grown cold is a bitter morsel.—RUDY VALLEE.

H. Alexander, 1095 Park Ave., New York, $2 prize.

Once, love was either the essence of romance and purity or the triple extract of sin—but now, it is just a plain drink of lukewarm water.—HELEN ROWLAND.

John P. Egan, 615 Fifth Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., $2 prize.

There's really nothing to do but smile at the most serious things in life, when you come to study the question.—NINA WILCOX PUTNAM.

Ray W. Frohman, 1181 W. 36th St., Los Angeles, Calif., $2 prize.

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But it seems not. It seems that, when it comes to the navy, Mr. Hoover wants to push expenditures 'way down so as

JANUS
(*Jā'nŭs*), *n.* [*L. See January.*] (*Rom. Antiq.*) *A Latin deity represented with two faces looking in opposite directions*

to economize but also to boost them 'way up so as to build more ships. Leastways, the navy has just announced that its policy is to "create, maintain and operate a navy second to none"—i.e., a navy as large as Britain's, i.e., a navy that cannot be built for less than a billion dollars—and, since this policy has been approved by Secretary of the Navy Adams, presumably it has also been approved by his chief, President Hoover. It is not known whether Mr. Hoover likewise approves the navy's plan to spend $130,000,000 for new equipment in the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1932. This, we say, is not known, but probably there need be no real doubt about it. Mr. Hoover, ever eager to please everybody, doubtless will be both for and against it, in accordance with his well-known principle of Yes and No.

▶▶*Still Inconsistent*

"Inconsistent," said several critics when federal agents raided the New York headquarters of the Vino Sano corporation, distributors of wine bricks. "Why should the government prosecute those who sell grape concentrate in solid form but not those who sell in liquid form? That's inconsistent."

And so it is. But what's remarkable about that? The government's attitude toward wine-making has been inconsistent consistently. It was inconsistent when the Volstead act prohibited the manufacture of other beverages containing one half of one per cent or more of alcohol but permitted the home manufacture of wine which is not "intoxicating in fact." It is inconsistent when one federal court says that home-made wine is intoxicating in fact and therefore illegal when it reaches the half-of-one-per-cent limit while another federal court says it isn't until it gets a good deal stronger.

Talk about inconsistency! Here is a dry Administration clapping scofflaws into jail and yet financing the grape growers of Mr. Hoover's home state who are selling prepared materials for the purpose of easy home wine making, as the Wickersham commission has pointed out. Here it is committed to prohibition and yet assisting what Deets Picket of the Methodist Board calls "a flank attack upon the very citadel of prohibition." Here it is waging war on liquor-vendors, and yet, as former Senator Reed of Missouri notes in the September *Cosmopolitan*, going into the liquor vending business on a national scale through its subsidies to the California grape growers. Here it is holding that the home manufacture of beer is a criminal offense and at the same time saying that the home manufacture of California wine is a good idea.

If it's inconsistency you're after you'll find plenty of it in the course of the government, and notably of this Administration, on home manufacture. From start to finish that course has been almost as inconsistent as it has been hypocritical, sanctimonious and intolerable.

▶▶*Complications in Spain*

From the moment the Spaniards expelled their king it has been apparent that their job of making a republic would be complicated by separatism and anti-clericalism. Week by week the former problem has come further to the fore in Catalonia, the latter in official circles at Madrid. Thus in the plebiscite of August 2 the four Catalonian provinces approved an autonomy project by a vote of 173,000 to 2,500. Thus, four days later, a commission of the Cortes, or Parliament, decided to present it with a bill which would call for the expulsion from the country of religious orders and for the confiscation by the state of all church wealth.

This measure, of course, would do more than merely disassociate church and state. At present it cannot be determined whether it goes too far to permit its passage by Parliament, but, in any case, it does show the depth of anti-clerical feeling among numbers of Spaniards.

As for the Catalonian plebiscite, it will not bring independence to the four provinces but will send their President, Colonel Francisco Macia, to Madrid to demand autonomy from the Cortes engaged in writing a national constitution. Colonel Macia does not demand full autonomy. He does not ask that Catalonia have as much independence as the Irish Free State, say, but he does ask that it have more than, for example, the states in the United States. The Catalonian demand does more than merely embarrass officials of the republic who are anxious to concentrate power and authority at Madrid. It incites other provinces to seek something similar for themselves. Together with the clash over clericalism, it shows that Spain will find no easy road to a sound republican form of government.

▶▶*In Brief*

For those of us who like to see the tables turned occasionally, it's interesting to note these newspaper references to "Hoover dam workmen" . . . . Cannot the dry Dr. Fess, invited to hold the probably dry Republican convention in Philadelphia, see that this is nothing but a wet trick to embarrass him with a great display of the Declaration of Independence? . . . . Now that the other mayors are all back from France, Mayor Walker of New York comprises the majority of the American tourists in Europe . . . . Hope springs not only eternal but astonishingly high in

International
BRICKS WITH KICKS
Fifth Avenue's latest offering to fastidious shoppers

the human breast. Here's a gentleman running as a dry candidate for Governor of New Jersey.

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▶▶ Let's Legalize Beer ◀◀

▶▶ THE proposal to lighten the depression by legalizing the manufacture of beer is getting the limelight again. According to the drys, it is doing so because of organized wet propaganda. According to the wets, it is doing so because it is the only proposal in sight which offers the chance of starting the country once more on its way out of deficits and depressions. Using Anti-Saloon League figures, Mr. Busch, former brewer, states that it would produce a million and a quarter new jobs, would yield the government $400,000,000 in revenue and provide a market for eighty million more bushels of grain than are used at present, to say nothing of the resultant economic benefits in other industries formerly stimulated by the brewing business. Many of his statements are echoed by the Federation of Labor, which, seeing 6,000,000 men still out of work and considering industry, not government, responsible for their unemployment, favors starting up anew an industry which formerly gave employment to large numbers and, if legalized, will do so again. Looking at the coming winter, the Federation's Labor Committee report says: "Barring some enormous charity on the part of the federal government, there seems little hope for anything short of a vast destitution. No construction program possible of execution could relieve the situation sufficiently. Through the modification of the Volstead act, there would be a tremendous spending of money not in charity but for materials and in payment of wages. Fully sixty industries would feel the electrical thrill of orders for materials and equipment. And through these sixty reviving industries, money would be started on its way to grocery stores, to clothing stores, to banks, to hardware stores, to merchants of all kinds in the necessities of life. Modification of the Volstead act will at the same time turn money into the public treasury and thus accomplish relief in two vital directions."

▶▶ OBVIOUSLY the suggestion is one that demands serious consideration on the part of the general public. In our present situation only a man whose prejudice against alcohol in any form takes precedence over all other considerations will refuse to examine such a proposal. Mr. Busch's estimates may be too high or too low. The "electrical thrill" which engages the Federation's interest may prove to be of a high or low voltage. But in any case the real gains to be made by taking such a step are too sizable to disregard in a year when the federal treasury deficit is mounting toward a billion and business remains in the slough of despond. True, the depression will not be completely ended by any such step, nor will the public deficit be completely wiped out. But even a sizable success might be sufficient to start the country on its upward way. And the chance is too good to be disregarded.

▶▶ AT THE present time, despite all efforts, wages and salaries are being cut, as the recent action of the Steel Corporation made clear. All predictions to the contrary, business is getting no better. Community after community is finding itself with an empty till. And so far, no one in authority has advanced any other proposal which holds out hope of changing conditions. It is all very well for Mr. Hoover to put forth statements about "ascertaining the probable load of distress" and to make promises about meeting whatever need may arise. But the head of the New York Charity Organization Society puts the case more bluntly. Says he: "We have all the data here as to what the need will be. Just what is the President going to do to meet that need? Not only is the need going to be greater this winter, but the charitable organizations are not in so good a position to meet it. All of them now are drawing heavily upon their reserves. How long these reserves are going to last is problematical. The greater need is due to the constantly increasing number of unemployed, the exhaustion of the reserves of those who have long been unemployed, but who did not up to this time need outside assistance, and the continuing demands upon the charitable organizations this summer. Ordinarily these demands fall off during the summer, but they have increased, instead of declining this year."

▶▶ THIS IS a true statement of the case as it exists in New York and nearly every community large and small in the country. To handle this situation, the methods of the Administration up to date have been big in publicity but little in actual fact. They have consisted, first, of coördinating local and state relief efforts, which too often means only passing the unemployed from one organization to another. Secondly, of a small public works program, consisting of $116,000,000 more than usual, largely nullified by the institution of economy in the government departments. Thirdly, of the federal employment service which to date has placed less men in jobs since the adjournment of Congress than it places in ordinary years. Fourthly, of the deportation of aliens, which so far has resulted in the ridiculous figure of 1,500 more than usual. To these methods should be added an increased determination on the part of Mr. Hoover to save us from socialism rather than to help us emerge from misery. Substantially they are the methods which Mr. Hoover considers were successful last year and ought to prove so again without any resort to further measures.

▶▶ THE NET result of such a negative attitude makes imperative an examination of any and all proposals to do something definite about the situation. Essentially, most average Americans believe that the citizens of this country are more capable of helping themselves than is the government. Legalizing the manufacture and sale of beer, with proper restrictions against the return of the saloon, is certainly one step which should be taken at once. In view of Mr. Hoover's attitude, however, the ordinary citizen would do well to prepare now to petition Congress on the day after it meets to take this first step at once. He isn't going to get any help anywhere else.

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Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WHILE the White House vouchsafes vague statements of what it proposes to do for the unemployed next winter, we get word that several Senators are drafting relief measures containing the dole so heartily detested by President Hoover. One who is supposed to be at work on this project is young "Bob" La Follette of Wisconsin, and, strange as it may seem, Senate Leader Watson of Indiana is reported to be letting his thoughts turn in that direction. Although "Sunny Jim" is, with few exceptions, a regular politician of the wheel horse variety, waiving his convictions if they offend the President, his patience has just about been exhausted by the Administration's refusal to formulate any definite program in this respect. More important still, the Hoosier statesman comes up for reëlection next year, and the time has arrived for him to think of himself. There are definite limits to his nobility and unselfishness, and, besides, he does not like Mr. Hoover. If the Senator finds it necessary, or expedient, to put the President in a hole in an attempt to get himself out of one, he will do it, albeit with oratorical salvings of his conscience and beatings of his bulging breast.

G. O. P. Senators, we imagine, will take the reins out of the President's hands when this question comes up on Capitol Hill. Mr. Hoover's recent statements, to their mind, indicate that he will, unless forced to adopt a contrary course, stand pat on a do-nothing policy so far as the federal government is concerned. In selecting the men and the means through which to approach this problem, the President has been most unfortunate. Colonel Arthur Woods, of New York, the only individual who had any grasp of the situation and the courage to meet it, has, we understand, virtually quit his post in disgust. We hear that he submitted a definite and far-reaching program of federal expenditures, only to have it abruptly rejected by the President, and so he left. He has been back from Europe for two months now, but he has not come near the Capital, although it was the understanding that he would resume his position as head of the emergency employment committee upon his return. Mr. Woods, we think, was too frank and aggressive; it was he who informed a senatorial committee last winter that the number of the unemployed reached 5,000,000 or more at a time when most White House spokesmen were poohpoohing such figures.

Even now Mr. Hoover will not concede that conditions are bad, or will become more grave by winter. In a recent conference with White House visitors he questioned the accuracy of the Census Bureau's spring estimate of 6,000,000 unemployed. He insisted that such guesses were hazardous and inaccurate, and, although the census canvassers made a house-to-house count, he maintained the total number of people out of work must remain unknown. Nevertheless, he announced, most solemnly, that what he planned was to ascertain "the volume of the load" of distress. He exhibited annoyance when an effort was made to pin him down to definite figures. He did not explain how, if it is impossible to determine the number of jobless, he expected to find out how many sufferers there are as a result of the jobless state of their breadwinners. Those who heard him came away with the impression that, beyond good advice, the federal government would do little for the sufferers next winter—unless, as we have suggested, Congress forces him into it.

Sykes—N. Y. Evening Post

Col. Woods might have, if anybody could—which we doubt—induced the Administration to get to the fundamentals of this question. Now, however, Mr. Hoover has only slender reeds to lean upon—William N. Doak, Secretary of Labor; John Barton Payne, chairman of the board of the Red Cross; Fred Croxton, who is pinch-hitting for his departed and disgusted superior. Mr. Doak, in the opinion of the Capital, is the weakest member of a Cabinet not famous for ability or courage—worse, even, than breezy "Jimmie" Davis. He was selected solely because any other appointment might have split apart the American Federation of Labor, and he personifies, as might be expected, the compromising spirit. He wanders in and out of the White House without knowing what it is all about, wrangling with reporters, giving vent to voluble "damns" and issuing indiscreet statements. It is a tip-off on Mr. Doak that, until he became an Administration servitor, he supported the Wagner unemployment agency measure, but, after joining up with Mr. Hoover, he turned right-about face.

The elderly Mr. Payne is, by now, one of America's sacrosancts, and it is, of course, heresy to suggest that he lacks force or ability. But he really does. He is, no more, just a nice old man who catches up and reiterates the President's repeated attacks on the so-called "dole." When interviewers attempt to get him to explain the difference between a federal "dole" and a local "dole"—pointing out that 72 per cent. of last winter's relief funds came from city, county and state treasuries—he tells really delightful stories of the days before the Civil War. He relates how his family did not go hungry even though Union soldiers stripped their larder and land of everything that was edible. The dear old judge recalls, sparing none of the details, how the dear old neighbors kept him and his in food.

So, when next winter's hungry and shelterless seek succor, let them consider the lilies of the field—or the Payne family.

A. F. C.

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▶▶ This Motor Ache ◀◀

An Article on the Cure for Traffic Congestion

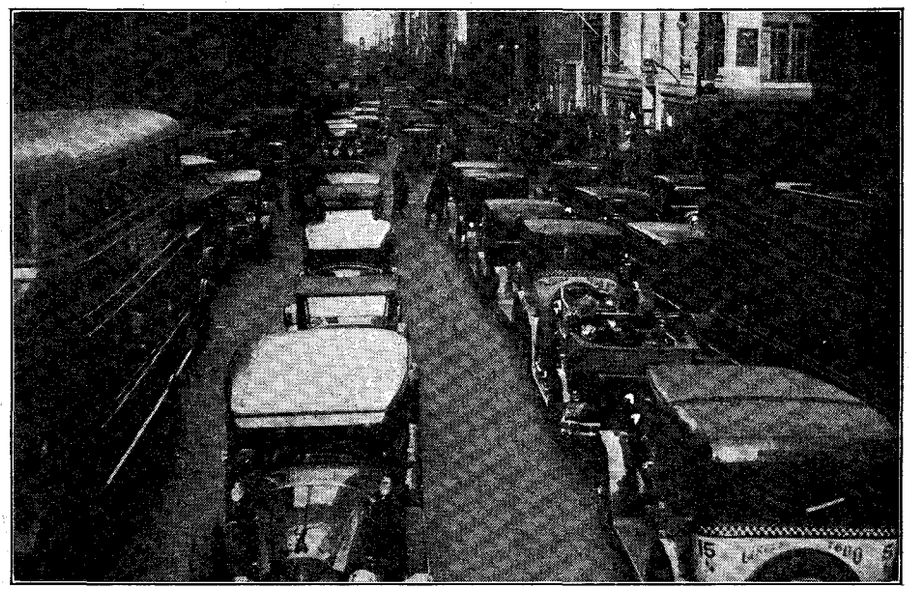
By EARLE DUFFY

THE first traffic regulation in America, which now seemingly has almost as many traffic rules as automobiles, was adopted in Boston. Damnation Alley, now known as Exchange Street, was so narrow that two wagons could not pass. Its name grew from its narrowness, for teamsters meeting in its slender travelway uttered lurid oaths, descended from their perches and brawn determined whose team would back out. But upon complaint from good Bostonians the councilmen decided that the atmospheric pressure around Boston would be lessened if teamsters flipped a coin, the winner to have the right-of-way.

Traffic regulations, when properly conceived and not abused, perform a valuable and necessary function. But, try as you may, you can't make a traffic regulation widen a street or remove a bottleneck. There is only one way to speed up traffic effectively, reduce accidents and cut congestion costs, and that is by building on a large scale the highway facilities which experimentation and practical experience have demonstrated to be efficacious.

The American city must soon determine whether to continue in its present decidedly unhappy state, or to expand and grow naturally as a tree. It is not a case of deciding whether or not the automobile is a vital part of modern civilization or merely a passing step in the evolution of transportation soon to be transcended by airplanes, dirigibles or magic rugs, for automobile transportation is clearly here to stay in so far as this and immediately succeeding generations are concerned. The automobile has demonstrated that it is a highly desirable adjunct to the steam engine, Pullman and box car. The airplane is asserting itself as a proper complementary factor to both train and motor vehicle. Clearly, if air transportation is to come into common usage, it will be largely utilized for long-distance travel; it will not cause the problem of intra-city transportation to diminish one whit. Airplanes are, and will continue to be, bulkier than automobiles, so in any event street space is necessary.

In the average American city we find a population center that differs importantly in two ways from the city of a score of years ago. In physical appearance we find a city that reaches much nearer to the sky, and this extends to the town—Jackson, Mississippi, of 25,000 population, has a 22-story skyscraper—as well as the large city. In Chicago we discover one building is soon to be a hive of some 20,000 workers. In New York City dozens of tall structures each contain, during the business day, more people than live in Helena, the capital of Montana. Result, traffic congestion.



Ewing Galloway

MOTOR ACHE AT ITS WORST

Fifth Avenue, New York, in the rush hour, with everybody going some place but not getting there. With luck, fifteen short blocks may be traveled in thirty minutes, as compared to seven minutes in the non-rush hour.

The other difference exists in the streets. Where in 1900 streets were alive with creaking wagons, omnibuses, chaises, carryalls and fancy turnouts, we now see the automobile, one for every four persons in many cities. Today there are more automobiles by three million than there were horses, mules, asses and burros in 1900, from which it is concluded that there are many times the number of vehicles in the streets today. Result, more traffic congestion.

In the face of these two great changes, we still find many communities blinking in mild surprise because their streets don't function so well. Strangely, cities all over the United States are still apparently unaware that one has virtually solved the problem of providing space and freedom for the automobile. That city is Detroit. Edward N. Hines, who for the last twenty-four years has been chairman of the Wayne County Highway Commission, slowly but surely induced the Detroit region to become far-sighted along with himself.

Over twenty-four years ago Wayne County took its first important highway step, when the county road system was adopted. This enabled the Detroit region to be considered as a unit, which led to the formation of a Master Plan. In brief, this plan calls for the construction of super-highways, which, by the way, is a legal term in Michigan and predetermines the location of the arteries. Super-highways, on rights-of-way 204 feet wide, have been designated at three-mile intervals east and west and north and south, and on all main radial roads. These super-highways call for two parallel lanes of hard-surfaced pavement, the lanes to be no less than forty feet wide and usually separated by a wide parkway for present or later use of traction lines or other traffic development.

Detroit's super-highways are supplemented by intermediate roads on 120-foot-wide rights-of-way at one mile intervals on section lines throughout the county. The Master Plan embraces a network of half-section roads with 86-foot rights-of-way and a supplementary system of major thoroughfares within Detroit proper. But that is not all. Detroit considers the acquisition of space for new roads and widening roads of such importance that more than half of the highway income is devoted to the purchase of rights-of-way. It may be

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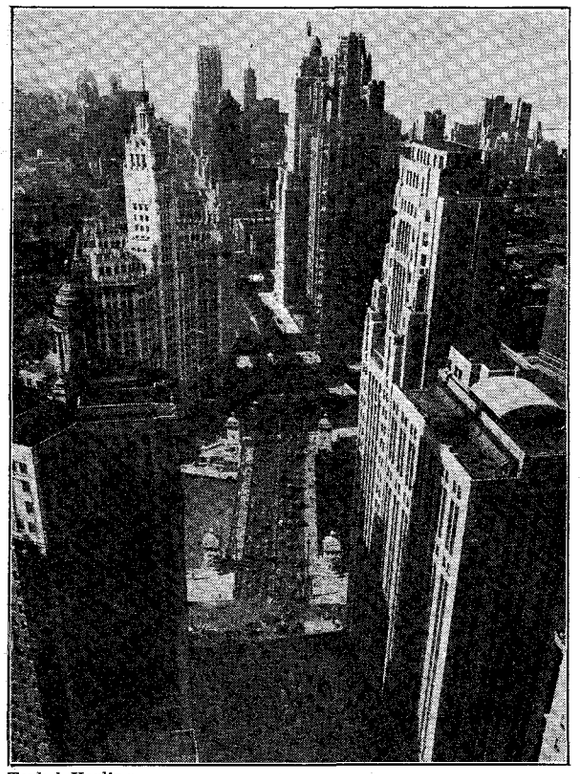


Torkel Korling

CHICAGO'S SOLUTION

She is relieving congestion in Michigan Avenue, shown here, by creating new thoroughfares on the lake front. La Salle Street has been widened north from the Loop.

said that the entire Master Plan revolves around this willingness to acquire rights-of-way of sensible widths at prices which are far lower today than they will be later. Wayne County and Detroit are getting them at the rate of a mile a week! Recently a county official whose work takes him through all of Wayne County's townships delivered an address in which he glowingly referred to Wayne County's "super-highway," not knowing that Wayne County had not only one but seventeen super-highways.

But the Detroit plan comprises more than the mere laying of pavements. According to the Master Plan, eventually motorists in Wayne County will cross no railroad crossing at grade—truly an effective way to save time and lives. At present, 41 grade separations either carry motorists over or under railroad tracks, and six more are being constructed. In addition, seventeen are under negotiation.

And now for a glimpse of a distinctive Twentieth Century development. This is the separated highway intersection. Wayne County has two of them in service and another under construction. One constitutes the most magnificent gesture extant concerning the welfare of the motorist. This is the Michigan-Southfield separation wherein Michigan Avenue is lifted over Southfield Road—two great super-highways carrying floods of traffic in four directions, with cars passing from one road to the other, and all without a hitch. No wasted time; no accidents; no deaths.

The facts on Wayne County thus far presented have to do with the area surrounding the city of Detroit. A large city's motor transportation problem is of a dual nature: the problem of providing ample motoring space from its borders to the open country, and the problem of supplying adequate intra-city facilities. The Master Plan, the product of careful regional planning, also considers the internal traffic troubles of Detroit.

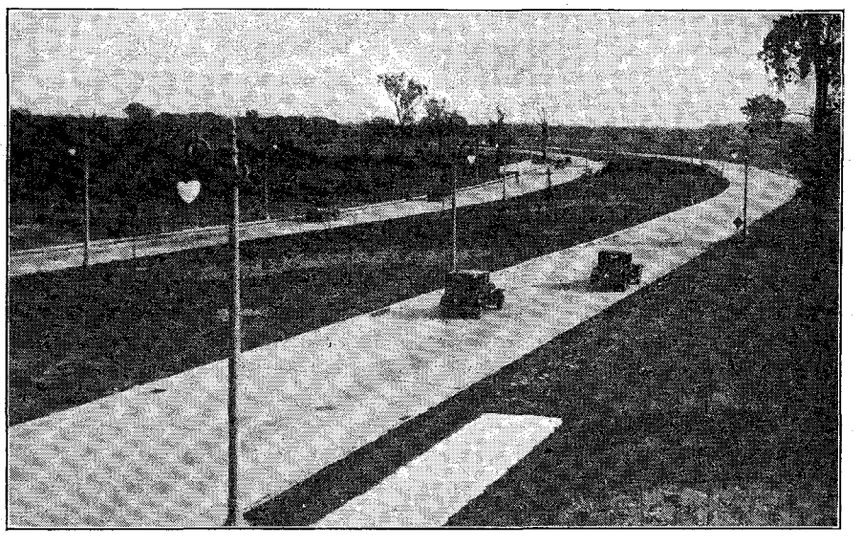
June 10, 1805, Detroit was a remote trading post with her 1,400 residents grouped around streets little wider than alleys. June 11 the village went up in smoke. Then under the fiery leadership of Judge Woodward came the Governor and Judges' Plan, which called for a system of streets 60, 120 and 200 feet in width. Apparently Judge Woodward realized that his fellowmen couldn't appreciate his scheme, so, in the words of one historian, "he rammed his plan down their throats." At any rate, the plan didn't last; streets were encroached upon as occasion for building space rose. Later, wide military highways were established, but most of them were narrowed down by less visionary citizenries. Consequently few of the original wide streets are in service.

Detroit has analyzed her business needs and found that large downtown businesses are suffering cash losses from "parkitis" and inaccessibility. She has found intra-city travel slow and costly. She has found her citizens clamoring for easy access to the wide arterial highways that abound outside of the city, and she is going to spend $100,000,000, not for pavements, but for nothing more than rights-of-way. Large buildings will be torn down, others will have their faces slashed off to widen seventy miles of streets. The owners of these buildings must be paid for their land and losses, hence the $100,000,000.

Doubtless Detroit has not heard that Buenos Aires is spending vast sums for the same purpose, or that London spent $20,000,000 in widening a single street, or that Chicago is engaged in ripping off the fronts of blocks of buildings for wider streets. Detroit cares not what other communities are doing. She has calculated what she herself must do to protect downtown business and to make herself a more healthy creature.

Detroit is a leader, under the leadership of a leader. Mr. Hines and his co-workers invented the super-highways. Antedating that, they built the first mile of hard-surfaced pavement in the United States on a Wayne County road in 1909. They were the first to construct a super-highway with two parallel strips of pavement separated by a parkway. They developed the belt pavement finishing device in common use today. And logically, Mr. Hines has no high regard for those who hopelessly declare that the traffic problem can't be successfully combated.

When I asked how Wayne County made money available to purchase all these highway facilities, Mr. Hines handed me a brief tabulation of figures. It contained the estimated budget for 1931—construction costs of new roads and widening existing roads, $2,140,650;



A LINK IN DETROIT'S MASTER PLAN

Southfield Road, a part of the super-highway scheme, has two wide traffic lanes and as travel increases the open space in the center will be paved.

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bridges and grade separations, $1,125,000; rights-of-way, $4,133,000; maintenance, roads and bridges, $730,000; total, $8,128,650.

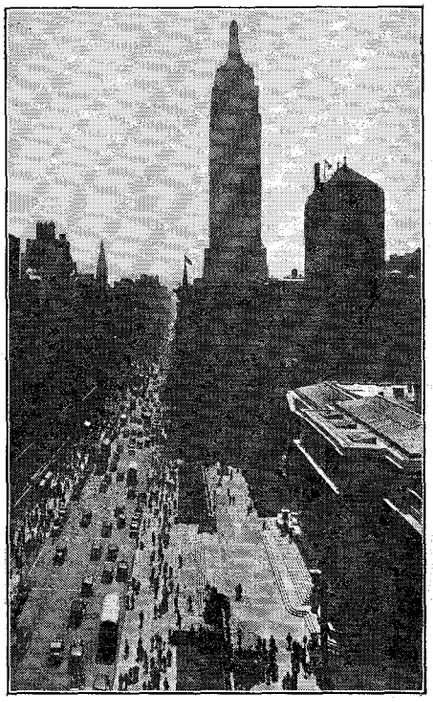
Opposed to this, he had placed two items of income: county road tax, one mill, $4,615,771.34; weight tax (tax on vehicles), $3,500,000; total, $8,115,771.34. Simple, isn't it, and certainly not at all out of line with what heavily peopled communities should be devoting to highway development.

So here we have the Detroit community offering evidence that careful regional and city planning combined with wise spending of available funds can lead cities out of traffic congestion chaos. In so far as surrounding highways are concerned, Detroit has accomplished more than other communities because five years ago she drew all the dangling traffic strings together to form her Master Plan. The same motor pressure has naturally forced other cities to project traffic plans for their surrounding areas, such as Los Angeles, Buffalo, Milwaukee, Chicago, New York City, and although these metropolitan areas have made commendable progress, they have yet something to learn from Detroit's methodical procedure.

New York City is unquestionably confronted by more severe odds than any other large community. With her back to the Atlantic and her front imprisoned by the Hudson River, New York has but two recourses. She must either take to the air or go underground. In a measure she is doing one and has done the other. The Holland Tunnel herds vast floods of motorists under the Hudson River into the open country of New Jersey. An elevated express highway, now partly completed on the west side of Manhattan Island, will eventually enable motorists to make a four-and-a-half-mile trip in ten minutes where formerly forty-five minutes or more were required.

To the north of New York City is the remarkable Westchester county park system which is replete with wide highways, separated railroad crossings and highway intersections. These highway facilities have made Westchester county playgrounds readily available to New York City citizens. How well the objective is being accomplished is illustrated by the amazing increase in the number of people visiting the Westchester parks. In 1927 the estimated number of visitors was 1,107,050; in 1929, 7,261,000 city-worn people ventured into Westchester county's wide open spaces.

New Jersey, displaying a true spirit of coöperation, is aiding New York City motorists by building an ideal motorway from the exit of the Holland Tunnel—a highway which through its avoidance of city and village traffic by elevation and separated grades, leads the thundering herd southward within easy reach of Jersey playgrounds.



Ewing Galloway

A TOWERING CAUSE OF CONGESTION

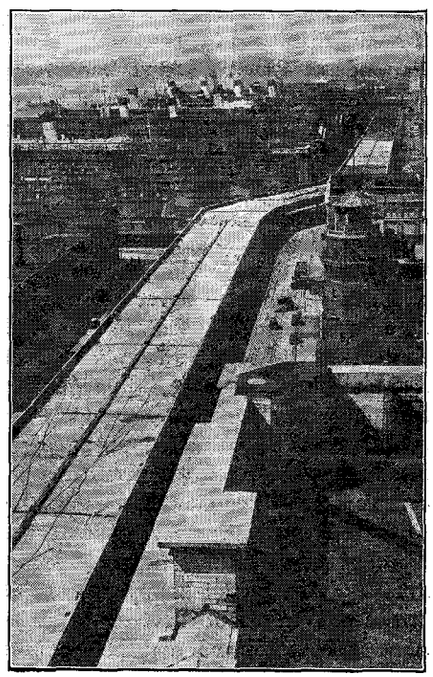
Such immense structures as the Empire State, housing thousands of workers, tend to concentrate crowds and traffic in small areas.

New outer drives along Chicago's lake front speed traffic southward and northward from the Loop. You may leave Randolph Street at the five o'clock rush hour and ten minutes later you can be at Fifty-fifth Street. At the northwestern outskirts of the city, two heavily traveled roads, Illinois Route 21 and Dempster Street, are being separated at their intersection. La Salle Street has been widened at the cost of ripping off the fronts of buildings. Buildings have been torn down to make way for a bridge which permits traffic to flow into the Loop from down Cass Street onto Wabash Avenue. Altogether, eighteen elevated highway intersections are planned for the Chicago area.

Dallas, Texas, is surrounding herself with a forty-foot-wide outer belt boulevard. Milwaukee has investigated regional planning and is now engaged in building wide boulevards out to the open country, with the Blue Mound Road, consisting of two parallel strips of concrete 20 feet wide, as a beginning.

Although many communities are making brave attempts to catch up with the automobile, there is still much doubt as to the sufficiency of their plans. The phantom "saturation point" of automobile ownership as yet shows no sign of appearing on the horizon. For the moment, take the pleasure car registration of Los Angeles as a criterion of what other cities may expect. Los Angeles, leading all cities, has one pleasure car for every 3.3 persons, and Detroit one for every 3.5 persons. In Cleveland there is one car for every four persons, and in St. Louis one for every five. But among the remaining large cities fewer people own cars. The ratio in Baltimore is one car for every 6.4 persons; in Boston, one for every 6.7; in Chicago, one for every eight; in New York City, one for every 10.5; and in Philadelphia, one for every twelve persons. Imagine Philadelphia with four times as many vehicles! Or New York with three!

All of these cities, except Detroit, Los Angeles and Cleveland, may expect greatly increased ratios of car ownership, while these three cities may anticipate many more cars. Small towns and cities in general have more cars per capita than large cities, largely because of less congestion and the accessibility of the open country. Obviously, the large city has proportionately more of a traffic burden to bear than the small. A problem, then, of the large city is that of providing highway facilities that give a semblance of offering what the small town already has. But both the large and small city must keep a weather eye to the future when more people will be in its homes and more cars on its streets. Detroit's Master Plan looks toward that day in 1950 when, if present indications are worth anything, there will be, instead of 27,000,000, 50,000,000 motors on the nation's highways and streets.



Ewing Galloway

NEW YORK'S SOLUTION

A sixty-foot-wide elevated highway, four and a half miles long, is to carry through traffic swiftly along the Hudson River.

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The Cult of the Childless

By ALICE BEAL PARSONS

FOR years I have had to soft pedal my possession of a child. It is not only that the first sight of her calls into operation my friends' arithmetical powers, as thus—"Obviously Emily can't be a day under fifteen, and if she's fifteen her mother, even if she married at twenty, which isn't likely, must be at least thirty-five. More than thirty-five," the friend corrects herself, remembering the length of time required by gestation, that recondite term which so many of the twenty-five college students who took Thomas Beer's "Little Exam" failed to recognize.

It is not only that this arithmetical process is immediately followed by a changed look in my caller's eyes, if he happens to be male. That young-man-about-town who long ago adopted George Jean Nathan's dictum that no man should marry before fifty, and who has earned Juanita Tanner's commendation by turning thumbs down on children, had thought that he was dining with a member of his own generation. In a sense, of course, he was right. I am some ten years younger than he, and as women age more quickly than men, so that a woman of thirty is already on the edge of middle-age and a man of thirty is barely out of the shell, we were the same generation all right, chronologically speaking; but one glance at Emily as I discreetly hustled her out of sight assured him that spiritually we were at least a generation apart. I might almost have been his mother. In a dozen years, if Emily displayed the same anachronistic tendencies that I had so lamentably indulged, I might actually be a grandmother, while he would still be showing college girls the town and regularly confessing his sins of omission to his psychoanalyst.

This arithmetical undoing is, however, the least of the penalties for having a child. It alone would never cause me to hide Emily under a bushel. Nor would I conceal my indiscretion simply because it isn't done any more, although this being the only person among one's acquaintance to commit a child has serious disadvantages. This year, for example, conscience impelled me to leave my comfortable home in the city, to leave the pleasant tea-drinkings before friends' fires, and the smoky happy dinners at one of the cafés that survives the strictures of Paul Morand, and the evenings at the theatre, and the afternoons at concerts or in the picture galleries, and the long comfortable talks that lasted half the night—conscience impelled me to leave these amenities of New York and exile myself in a country town so that Emily might occasionally see some of her own species, now almost extinct among the intellectuals of the city.

"Dogs and cats and squirrels and rabbits and tame lion cubs and monkeys are delightful creatures but pitiably inadequate substitutes for children."

But even difficulties of this sort do not make me regret my anachronism, nor does the necessity of watching my conversation guardedly to prevent any mention of my child. Children one can talk about safely, and how they ought all to be educated quite differently from the horrible way in which we ourselves were educated, but to speak of a specific child smacks of the interminable small town gossip from which most intellectuals run sobbing away. At the merest mention of John or Sallie, they can hear the rockers creak and the needles click and the tongues clack.

THESE are minor difficulties. There is one that strikes at the very center of my existence. I am a writer, and as such I must, of course, be modern. I am modern. I have, on occasion, complete command of the simple declarative sentence, stripped of all those modifying adjectives and qualifying phrases and conditional clauses that came in with Lyly and Henry James, and with human speech. As a modern I must be hard-boiled, and I am hard-boiled. I can discuss emotions in physiological terms, and I bear well in mind that though the Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, man doesn't. But all this avails me little with those of my friends who have seen Emily. Once she has been seen, dashing up the stairs, or hiding behind the couch, or squeezing into the broom closet, I am undone, for the propagation of children is considered sentimental. All moderns detest or deride sentimentality. Ergo, I am no modern. If I had thought of it earlier, I might have protested that she was illegitimate or a little accident; but at fifteen it's rather late to begin, greatly as such a pedigree would have enhanced her standing in a hard-boiled world.

From being a curse of God, or an accident, or an evidence of gross self-indulgence, childlessness has become the established order among various classes of society, and especially with the class that takes the development of the individual seriously.

Last summer I was having tea with a charming young woman who had found an old farmhouse with a lawn that sloped to a little brook with a view of pleasant hills beyond, and had let her imagination run delightfully wild in furnishing it and in planning gardens behind it and a swimming pool in front. I sat at her window looking at the distant grape-blue of the hills through the branches of a pine tree, when we heard excited voices and her husband appeared with three youngsters he had just brought out from the city. For a moment the house was a not unpleasant pandemonium. How contagious this exuberance is, I thought. A moment ago we were two rather weary adults, but as the spring floods of conversation entered the room, as we saw eyes sparkling with excitement, arms waving wildly, locks of hair blowing in the breeze, legs cavorting, we too, or at least I too, felt young and eager. In another moment the husband and the three children were setting up a target on the banks of the brook and popping away at it. My hostess stood at the window and watched the shooting.

"Karl never knows anything else when there are children around," she said. "He's perfectly crazy about them."

I suppose the deadly poisons of the country crept up about me and addled my brains. Anyway, I committed a gross indiscretion. "Why don't you adopt some?" I asked, like any wife of Babbitt.

She turned to me with a smile on her charming face. "But I don't want them," she said. "You were feeling sorry for me, weren't you, when I've spent the last ten years taking the greatest precautions not to have them. I wouldn't have children for anything in the world."

As I looked at her slight charming figure and at her rather melancholy face, I was still sufficiently affected by the country poisons to think that both she

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and society were losers. If I had really been the wife of Babbitt I could have produced a dozen reasons to make her reconsider her self-imposed barrenness, and thirty years ago the reasons would have sounded convincing even to an intellectual. Today they have all been questioned.

There used to be, for example, the argument of duty to society. There was the terrifying discovery that college graduates produced only two and a half children, while the working classes continued for the most part to propagate largely, and the disturbing conclusion drawn from these two facts was that the meek would inherit the earth and society would degenerate. Many a college girl who read those dreadful warnings went devotedly to work to turn out new members of the embattled upper class to hold the fort of privilege against hungry generations. Only she didn't express it that way. But somehow, after the World War, most appeals to women to produce more children fall on inattentive ears. And in the years since the baby-bearing weakness of college graduates was first pointed out, we have had time to remember that great men seem quite as likely to come from poor and struggling families as from those properly decorated with college letters. This particular appeal to duty wouldn't even get past the outer portals of the ears of the young woman who was watching her husband renew his youth with borrowed children.

Another of a very different order occurred to me. "Have children, my dear," I can hear the gossips squeaking, "and you will keep your husband. There is nothing like children to keep husband and wife together when the first glamor wears off and the man gets restless." Of course, Theodore Dreiser took some deadly pot shots at this theory years ago, but his book was banned and few saw it, and the politic advice is probably given to almost as many young wives as before he poured his vitriol on it.

But it isn't heeded by as many. Such a sinisterly respectable plot, moreover, bears signs of the oversimplification of the artist and the gossip. There are many steps between it and childlessness. Considering her husband's fondness for children, my friend might well wish to give him those gifts that used in sentimental days to be called "pledges of affection." If in doing this she rejoiced to think that, as his affections wound themselves around those fascinating little creatures that were both hers and his, they were also more firmly and substantially fastened on her, and would probably remain so fastened even during the vagaries of that most mercurial of all human attachments, sexual attraction, who could blame her?

*

Yet few modern women would take satisfaction in thus embroiling a husband's affections or confusing his desires. This may be the day of Al Capone and investigations of magistrates' courts and of banks. It may be the day when little business speculators sell their souls to "get into the big money." It may be a time of individual and public perfidy; but it is also a time of honor in the sexual relationship. Not honor among all, of course, but honor as an ideal, just as honor in business dealings has at times been an ideal, and honor among thieves. According to the best modern ethics, calculation of even the most gracious and permissible sort is taboo in sexual relations. He loves me, he loves me not, the modern woman likes to think that she can say, and abide by the result. Or—I love him, I love him not.

If then duty and policy, with all their anxious derivatives, are to be eliminated from the reasons that can intelligently and honorably be advanced to induce women to undergo child-bearing, we find ourselves reduced to purely hedonistic arguments. People differ so completely as to the things they enjoy that it isn't possible to be dogmatic on hedonistic grounds. One can write a sort of travelers' guide book, pointing out the charms of the Andes to those who haven't seen them, but travelers' books are notoriously unconvincing to all but travelers, and a paper celebrating the joys of having children in the house may well prove more convincing to those who have them than to those who have them not. There is, however, a common meeting ground for these two species in certain fundamental human necessities and cravings. If children can be shown to be important to these, perhaps modern women will reconsider their vow of barrenness.

It seems to be practically impossible for the human being to live happily or zestfully unless he has some fortunate change or chance to look forward to. This, I suspect, is at the bottom of the irritable envy with which all laymen regard all artists, for the artist, no matter how out-at-elbows or obscure he may be today, can always cherish the possibility that tomorrow he may wake up famous or rich, or that failing this he may in any case produce a work of art so cunningly contrived that future generations will call it good, and his name will shine in the history books. Something of the same zest has been supplied masses of people in America by our great natural resources, which until recently have lain open to the energy and initiative of whoever wished to have a try at them, and by our rapidly expanding industries, which have enabled many men to lift themselves from poverty to wealth. And something of the same zest has been supplied by all sorts of careers, by the more arduous opportunity, shared by men all over the world, to make great reputations as scientists, or doctors, or diplomats, or bankers, or philanthropists or educators.

But it needs only a little reflection to show that preëminence for one involves the existence of many not preëminent. A doctor does not stand out as notable unless his achievements place him far

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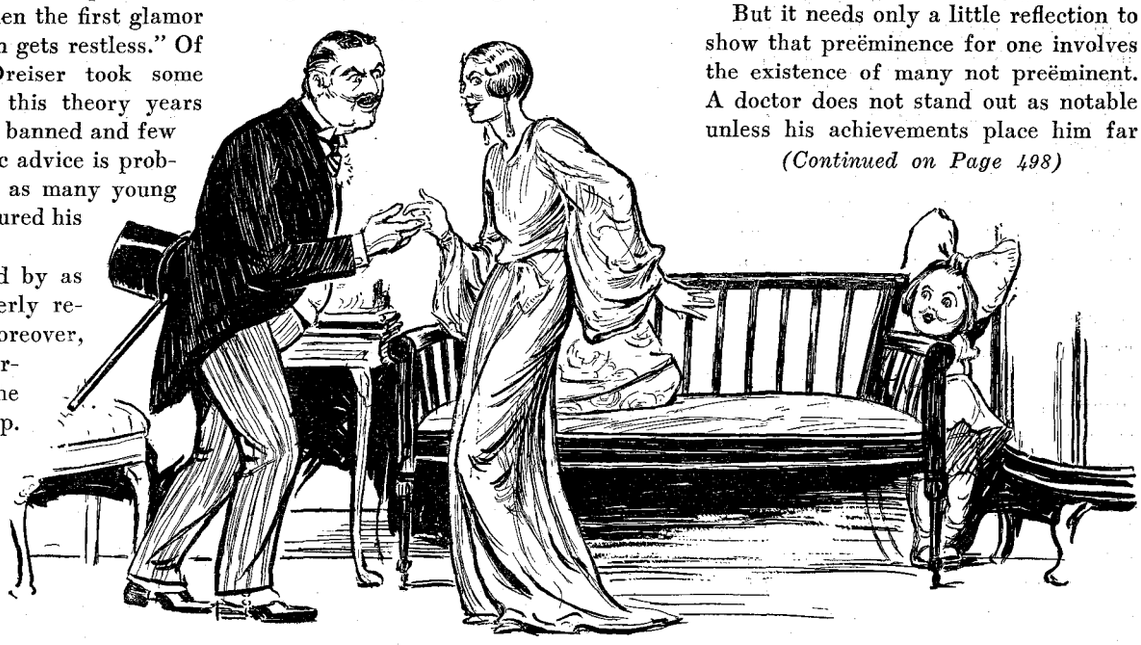

"I am ten years younger than he, but one glance at Emily as I discreetly hustled her out of sight assured him that spiritually we were at least a generation apart. Once she has been seen, dashing up the stairs, or hiding behind the couch, or squeezing into the broom closet, I am undone, for the propagation of children is considered sentimental."

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▶▶ Justice Sutherland Dissents ◀◀

By JOSEPH P. POLLARD

MR. JUSTICE SUTHERLAND is back on top. Leader of the Supreme Court's arch-conservatives from the time of his appointment by President Harding in 1922, to the appointment of Chief Justice Hughes and Associate Justice Roberts by President Hoover in 1930, Judge Sutherland had much to behold that was good as he surveyed the work of the court during those eight years. But the latest change in personnel brought a change in the court's outlook on social and economic problems. Hughes and Roberts, in a year's work, turned out to be liberal judges, and Judge Sutherland found himself in the embarrassing position of spokesman for a minority, an Old Guard judge who could do nothing but fulminate in burning dissent against the radical words of the new humanitarians. So it must have been gratifying to him to lead the court once more when, on last May 25, five judges decided that a pacifist was not entitled to become an American citizen.

The strange cases of Dr. MacIntosh and Miss Bland, which for two years have stirred public discussion to fever heat, are now at rest in the calm pages of the United States Reports. But the professor and the nurse, both of whom opposed war because they had had personal and harrowing experience with its horrors, are branded with a stigma which reaches many other applicants for citizenship, and which thousands of good citizens consider undeserved. They believe in peace. "Peace is a sweet and holy thing," read the opinion of Justice Sutherland. "There are few finer or more exalted sentiments than that which finds expression in opposition to war,"—but unless one is willing to bear arms in war, in any war, even an aggressive one waged by plundering politicians, one is not fit to become an American citizen. And the Rosika Schwimmer case is there to prove it. Such euphemistic dicta designed to soften the fall of a harsh result, such narrow and archaic logic, such worship of bad precedent, such warlike gestures on the part of the highest judicial officers of a government professing peace, are nothing for a progressive people to be proud of, but they are consistent with the legal philosophy which had long dominated American social thought, and which is so aptly illustrated by the opinions of Mr. Justice Sutherland.

To this mild and scholarly looking gentleman with the trim, grey beard goes the honor of having written the opinion in the Minimum Wage decision in 1923—the case which, next to the New York Bakers case, is considered by intelligent modern thinkers to be the one most unjust and hurtful to the needs of humble men in an oppressive industrial age. Even the late Chief Justice Taft dissented from the Minimum Wage opinion, and Mr. Taft was more than moderately conservative. It will be recalled that the question there was whether Congress, acting as the legislature for the District of Columbia, could require employers in the District to pay a living wage to women workers, in this case to elevator operators. And the answer was "No." The idea of free contract, the *laissez faire* doctrine of the Manchester School of economics must be read into the American Constitution, into that section of the Fourteenth Amendment which says "Nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law." And whenever employers of labor object to the welfare work of legislatures, the court will uphold the objection and will say that states must not deprive working people, especially women, of their liberty to starve. This decision was a good start but not unexpected in the light of Judge Sutherland's past public life. One of Utah's ablest lawyers, he had represented that state in the United States Senate for twelve years. Utah had long ago passed through the pioneer stage, its unique religious rites had yielded to the power of the federal government, and Mormon and Gentile, once bitter enemies, had been living in peace for years. The fight now was for prosperity and the fight was flourishing. The conservative element ruled, the miners and farmers were content, the people were staunch Republicans. George Sutherland, though born in England, arrived in Utah at an early age, was educated there, started his law practice in Salt Lake City, and rapidly became a power in the political life of the commonwealth. His work as a member of the first Utah Senate won the recognition of national Republicans. He was a delegate to five national conventions, a member of Congress, and from 1905 to 1917 he was Senator. A grave, dignified factor in national affairs, he was as regular in his politics as in his law. When Roosevelt bolted in 1912, Senator Sutherland kept Utah in line for the conservative Taft. And when Congress voted to abolish the ill-fated Commerce

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MR. JUSTICE SUTHERLAND

Appointed to the Supreme Court by President Harding in 1922, he wrote many of the majority opinions during the following eight years. The new balance of the court now usually puts him in the minority.

Court, which had acted contrary to public sentiment in overruling so many decisions of the Interstate Commerce Commission, Sutherland upheld President Taft's futile veto.

And now, under another conservative president, with whom he had served and often sided in the Senate, he was a Supreme Court judge. Harding's doctrine of normalcy meant the triumph of big business and the halting of effective social legislation, and the new judge's decision in the Minimum Wage case must have made Harding proud of his appointment. But it also inaugurated a conflict of constitutional theory between two judges, a conflict destined to rage through the years, with victory going first to the conservative but lately to the liberal. The theory of interpreting the Constitution in favor of property prevailed in the majority opinion of Justice Sutherland in the Minimum Wage case. But the theory of interpreting the Constitution in favor of the right of state legislatures to experiment in matters of social welfare, brought out in the powerful dissenting opinion of Justice Holmes, has met with the approval of the new and younger judges, and is being incorporated more and more in the modern law of the land. The new judges are not content to follow Judge Sutherland when he says that the Nineteenth Amendment "emancipated women from the old doctrine of special protection and restraints." They see it is a legalistic formula divorced from reality. Rather

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do they follow Justice Holmes when he says "It will need more than the Nineteenth Amendment to convince me that there are no differences between men and women," because there is the recognition of the *fact* of women's physical handicap in the economic struggle.

But Justice Sutherland's triumphs are many and far-reaching. Following the Minimum Wage case, with its attendant wails on the part of liberal judges and lawyers, the Supreme Court's attention was called to other efforts of state lawmakers to achieve an economic democracy, challenged by capitalists as depriving them of their "property" under the due process clause. Chief among these were the price-fixing statutes. Ever since the Granger cases sustained the right to regulate the rates of businesses "affected with a public interest," —in those cases railroads and grain elevators in the growing West of 1875— laws have been passed bringing new and varied enterprises under governmental control. These laws have been savagely attacked by the proprietors affected, with varying results. The liberal wave that swept political thought before the war resulted in the Supreme Court sustaining a Kansas act limiting the rates to be charged by insurance companies. That was before the Harding appointees brought the court back to the "normalcy" of Mark Hanna. Sutherland was not on the bench then, but he was when theatre ticket brokers and employment agency operators brought their troubles before the court.

The ticket broker case came up from New York in 1927. The gouging of theatre patrons by those in control of seats for popular plays in New York City had resulted in a law forbidding brokers to charge more than fifty cents in excess of the price printed on the ticket. But Judge Sutherland and his conservative colleagues saw in this attempt to aid the victims of proprietary oppression only an arbitrary and paternalistic interference with free bargaining. By the narrow margin of one vote the law was overthrown, with Justice Sutherland, spokesman for the majority, again at odds with Justice Holmes, whose brilliant dissent holds high rank in the long list of his efforts to stem the tide of judicial imperialism. Sutherland's statement that the theatre is not "clothed with a public interest" is true only if that phrase is to be restricted to its narrow meaning in the past. Again we have legalism divorced from reality. Justice Holmes answered that in his opinion the legislature may restrict *any* business when it has a sufficient force of public opinion behind it. Holmes's view certainly prevails in the minds of intelligent laymen who believe in democracy. But Sutherland's view is the law. And theatregoers are still at the mercy of the ticket brokers.

But if playgoing be looked upon as a luxury which can, under necessity's pinch, be dispensed with, what about the right to earn a livelihood, unhindered by the merciless exploiting of human labor by those in control of employment facilities? That was the problem before the high tribunal in 1928, when the unemployment situation, though less acute and painful than it is today, was still of sufficient force vitally to affect thousands of willing workers. To remedy the evils caused by the greed of private employment agencies, whose victims, looking for bread and butter, were absolutely helpless in the struggle, the state of New Jersey (and twenty some other states) had passed laws limiting the fees to be charged workers for obtaining jobs. It was a public welfare measure, a governmental attempt to combat the practice of charging exorbitant fees, fee-splitting, obtaining unsuitable jobs, and various kinds of fraud. But it was declared unconstitutional. Judge Sutherland wrote the opinion of the court, and, again blind to modern industrial facts, refused to extend the limits of governmental interference in business beyond the close bounds set by the court fifty years before. And, being a jurist of the old school, he relied heavily on his own decision in the theatre ticket case for precedent.

So far as Justice Sutherland is concerned, and his views are law (or were until the past year), price-fixing statutes, on any enterprise not universally and for years past regarded as a public utility, are so many wasted words. And so with other state legislation—taxation, for instance. Attempts to raise revenue to be used for the general good have frequently been thwarted as in conflict with some provision or other of the Constitution. When Pennsylvania imposed a tax on the gross receipts of taxicab corporations, the Supreme Court threw it out because a similar tax was not imposed on individuals running a taxicab business. When Oklahoma sought to encourage coöperative farming by granting a license to operate cotton gins to individual operators only upon a showing of public necessity, without requiring

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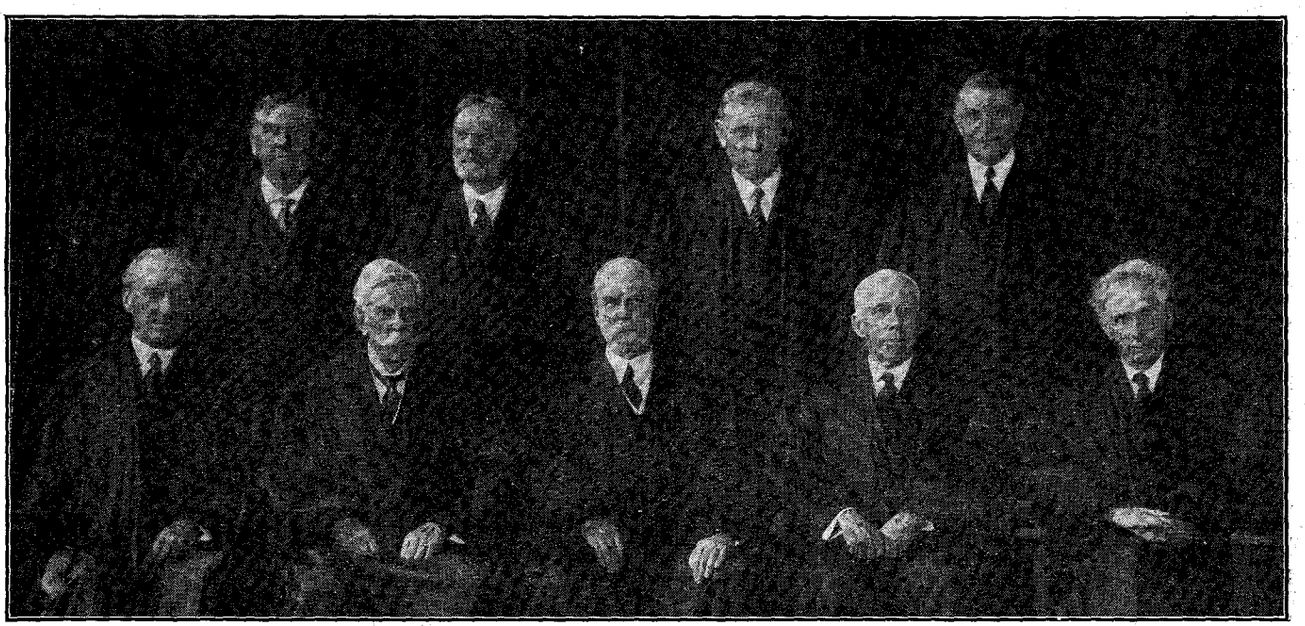

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A SUPREME COURT NOW INCLINED TOWARD LIBERALISM

Standing, left to right: Justices Stone, Sutherland, Butler and Roberts. Seated, left to right: Justices McReynolds, Holmes, Chief Justice Hughes, Justices Van Devanter and Brandeis.

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The Cult of the Childless

(Continued from Page 495)

above his fellows. Fortunes are measured in relative terms. Ten thousand dollars in the pockets of a returning Italian emigrant might make him a rich man in his native village, but not in New York City. The great majority of men soon find that they have no very good chance of becoming either rich or famous. At this point some daring souls sit resolutely in trees in the hope of breaking into the news, others drive automobiles backwards across the continent, or go over Niagara Falls in barrels, and a great many more buy tickets to lotteries. Most of them are pathetically ignorant of the variety and excitement life has to offer. There is, for example, the great natural lottery of babies.

During the last few years I have acquired three nieces. In order fully to appreciate Nature's ingenuity, one must have known both parents and both sets of grandparents, to say nothing of a few aunts and uncles. I know some sixty direct and collateral relatives of these children. As I watched the nebulous button in the middle of the first child's face change to a nose, and her very dark eyes glare with a light that was never seen before, I began for the first time to get some faint comprehension of the inexhaustible inventiveness of Nature. As the child grew, her likeness to both father and mother and to sundry aunts and uncles was only equalled by her complete, untouchable individuality, her unassailable uniqueness. No one before had ever remotely resembled her essential self, and no one ever would again. She was a fact, a phenomenon, a new element introduced into the world; and being a new element, every action of hers, even including her getting up and her lying down, would change the course of history.

The second niece was so unlike the first as to be ridiculous, so unlike that though the two should eat the same food and breathe the same air and sleep in the same bed, they would never in their lives be able to think the same thought, or to feel the same emotion, or to walk with the same rhythm. The first child is quick, competitive, alert to circumstance and rather oblivious of people except as an element of circumstance. The second is meditative, loving, sensuous, dreamy, intuitive. Between them they would seem to have exhausted the possibilities of variation in the parental germ plasm; but the third child differs more radically from them than they do from each other. She is possessed of demoniac energy, for good or evil. "We don't hurt people we love," her mother explains to her. "I do," she answers conclusively. But her hurts are as impersonal as the prairie tornado that whirls you through a window on your bed. The next moment her storm falls calm. She is benevolent. She is tender. She is almost loving. What would the next niece be like, I wonder, and the first nephew, and the next? Would the Benjamin Franklin of the family be born sixth or eleventh? And if the experiment were continued would a successor to Einstein, or Edison, or a new poet, or that novelist who is at last going to be able to embrace the American scene, result?

Much has been written of late years about the undesirability for all concerned of living vicariously through one's children, or of transferring one's hope of success to them. But being adventurous enough to take a ticket in Nature's lottery is quite a different thing. Such a ticket gives one much to look forward to from day to day; and it is just this ability to look forward that is at the bottom of the perennial fascination of lotteries. When we lose it, when we no longer expect anything of the morrow, we are already dead. It is the inability to live in expectation that fills kings with boredom and multi-millionaires with despair. The trouble with man-made lotteries is that by their very terms the cards are staked against all but a few. Out of ten thousand who buy tickets, only one will draw the winning number that entitles him to a 1931 sedan. In Nature's lottery every one draws something. And the fact that the boundless possibilities of the red, wrinkled little baboon that first blinks at the world will for many years be largely dependent on its father and mother adds to the excitement of the game.

Much, too, has been written of the dangers of loving our children, if not too well, at least in the wrong way. Perhaps chief of these is the danger of giving up our personal interests and living in our children, and then, little by little, and almost unconsciously, bending and warping the children to make them vehicles for our self-expression. The evil results of this most reprehensible practice have filled so many books in the last dozen years and occupied so much attention that all natural affection between parents and children has come, ridiculously enough, to be suspect. The satisfaction of loving children and being loved by them is one of the ameliorations of life the modern intellectual no longer looks for, lest by some horrible chance he might unwittingly lay the grounds for an Œdipus complex, or try to force his child to be what he wishes he had been himself, instead of what the child itself wishes to be.

Yet modern thought concerns itself largely with the strangle grip the need for loving and being loved has on us. To be sure it concerns itself chiefly with sexual love. Yet the pathetic proofs of the persistence of the maternal and paternal instincts in a world that tries to disown them are all about us. The fat woman who talks baby talk to her lap dogs is a familiar spectacle. Recently the palm for pathetic absurdity has been snatched from her hands by the young writer who in a biographical notice appended to an anthology of short stories, an anthology which strives to hit exactly the right modern note, observes—"Married and one dog."

Dogs and cats and squirrels and rabbits and tame lion cubs and monkeys are delightful creatures, but pitiably inadequate substitutes for children. Babies and little children are as charming to watch as little animals, and in addition offer us the interest of their richer potentialities. Their exuberance, their zest, their joy, are not only more contagious for us than the exuberance of animals; they are more poignant and more enlivening. When my daughter goes away on a visit the household misses her in a way it could not possibly miss an adult. Her step running up the stairs, the burst of eager conversation that announces her arrivals and shouts back from her departures, the gay untroubled laugh that comes so easily and loves to come, the

This Week's Contributors

Joseph P. Pollard is a graduate of the Harvard Law School, a lawyer now living in Colorado Springs, Colo., and a writer of book reviews and articles on his profession.

Mrs. Alice Beal Parsons was the business manager of a small magazine, has managed a farm of 1,000 acres, and is now writing books and articles.

Earle Duffy is a graduate of the University of Montana who has been a Chicago feature writer for several years.

Edward K. Parkinson is a former New York business man—and only incidentally a writer—who retired to a small farm in Rowayton, Conn.

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high young voice whose very lightness and lack of the overtones of the adult voice so profoundly touches and troubles the heart, the very giggling and foolishness, the sudden bursts of temper and the angry thunderclouds, all these have the vivifying effect on the household of a spring wind. From day to day we aren't particularly conscious of the component parts of the charm her presence casts, but her departure can only be described in terms of some elemental deprivation. The atmosphere of the house loses its brightness as surely as if the sun had gone under a cloud, or a cheerful wind had given place to sultry calm. This deprivation is a little, but only a little, softened by the flying leap a kitten makes for a turning page, or by the slobbery endearments of a dog.

BUT there is more to be said for pets than for other substitutes for the paternal instinct, because the emotions to which they give pleasant scope are the same in kind. Most of the substitutes for the interest and affection that might otherwise be taken up with children are substitutes not for the paternal instinct itself, but for that abuse of it which strives to make of children a career. The childless woman may write plays or novels. Her creative energies, she says, are turned to these aesthetic forms instead of to the production of children. This statement has passed current so long that most of us have come to accept it without seeing its patent absurdity, the sort of energies that go to the production of plays being utterly different from those that go to the production of babies, and the word catholic indeed that can be made to cover them both.

It is possible that some women go childless in full realization of their loss, but with the feeling that even at this cost they must pursue their chosen work. So many women, however, have disproved the hoary fallacy that children and constructive work are incompatible that this seems a wobbly supposition. Women go without children today not because of the trouble or inconvenience of having them—the human race has never stopped for a little thing like trouble, and finding life too easy, sets out for the North Pole or to climb the Himalayas—but because it is the fashion to be childless. Yet the modern woman who imposes the unnecessary curse of barrenness on herself is for the most part ignorant that she does so because childlessness is fashionable, just as for the most part she forgets that the tones of her voice and the cut of her gown are dictated to her by others. She really thinks she doesn't want a child.

▸▸The Retreat from Wall Street◂◂

By EDWARD K. PARKINSON

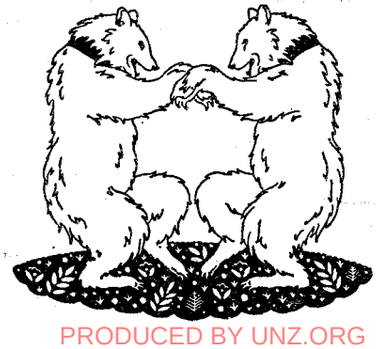
AMONG the victims of Wall Street in the carnage of 1929 were many men between 45 and 60, and when that age has been reached it's hard to make a new start in the city. So why try? Better to break away, summon up courage and try something entirely different.

There are doubtless hundreds of families who, having grown accustomed to living on incomes ranging from five to ten thousand dollars a year, are now struggling to keep up a show on half, or even less than half that amount. In other words their capital, which ranged from $200,000 to $100,000, now averages from $100,000 down to around $30,000. It's impossible to live in any degree of comfort in a large city on the income of even $40,000, but it is quite possible to live comfortably on a small income in the suburbs or near suburbs within a radius of fifty miles of New York City.

Come along then, let's get out of town. We'll assume that you have saved about $35,000 from the wreck and that you are in the late forties. After skirmishing around for a few weeks you will find a small house on two to four acres of land, on a good road and convenient to a city of fifteen to forty thousand inhabitants. There will be perhaps three bedrooms, a bathroom, living room, dining room and kitchen and the rent will be between $50 and $60 a month. By the way, take this hint from one who has tried it—never buy a home in the country until you have tried out the location and neighbors first.

Now we must do a little figuring. Let's see, the income on $35,000, figured at the rate of 5½ per cent, is $1,925, but as there will be some outlay at the start we'll say the reserved capital is $30,000. The $5,000 to go on a drawing account in your bank. You're going to have $1,650 a year instead of several thousand. However, there will be compensations.

Just to relieve your mind as to how you and your wife are going to worry along on that small sum I'll show you right now. Your monthly bills will average about as follows (taken from the budget of a friend):—Milk and cream, $6.58; electric light and refrigeration, $4; telephone, $3; newspaper, daily and Sunday, $1.44; coal, $17.77; gas, for cooking, $2.50; food, cash and carry, $30; total $65.29, plus rent, $60, making a grand total of $125.29 for living expenses.



Your balance at the end of the year will be $47.52. "Nonsense," I hear you say, "$47.52 won't buy even a suit of clothes, much less a hundred other little things one has to have." True, but what one can't afford to have one can go without. The only extra clothes the head of the house will need will be a pair of overalls and a jumper, and the chatelaine will manage very cleverly with what she has.

Moving by van will cost anywhere from $100 to $200, depending on the distance; let's say $150, and we must add the wages of a man to help with the hard work for a few days, at $4 a day.

You will need a car and just now there are wonderful bargains in second-hand cars. Remember, Mr. Wall Street Victim, when you take unto yourself a car, that the larger the car the larger the registration fee.

The moving accomplished, and with all the household goods in their proper places, it will be time to get down to work and as no one can make good bricks without straw, there will be tools to buy, and I estimated that the cost would be $52.40. Perhaps you have never had occasion to use tools and are not interested in gardening and puttering about. But you're going to be interested, for you've got to work for your clothes, magazines, books and luxuries. Having been in business all your life you have developed part of your brain to the limit. A marvelous machine that brain; there is nothing it can't accomplish if you put your will power back of it. You will get a big kick out of being able to build a cold frame, to put up screen doors so that they fit, to stop a leak in the water pipe, etc. To feel one is master of any unforeseen household emergency is a tremendous satisfaction.

A garden will be your first real job, but the hardest work will be done by a plowman and his team, whom you will hire for about $8 a day, and a space 100

(Continued on Page 511)

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The Spotlight on Sports

New Champions

LATE August and early September are dedicated to amateur championships in the two most popular recreational games—golf and tennis. While predictions are always likely to bite the hand which pens them, I am willing to risk my already tarnished reputation as a prophet by forecasting at least three new amateur champions in the four major events.

One new titleholder is a certainty since Bobby Jones has abdicated his golfing sceptre. A second new champion is just about as sure as death and taxes, for Helen Wills has tossed her eyeshade into the Forest Hills lists after giving the other little girls a hand by the simple expedient of staying at her Berkeley home while the 1930 women's tennis championship was being decided. Needless to say, the U. S. L. T. A. didn't relish Mrs. Moody's decision to take a sabbatical leave. It hurt that organization in a tender spot—the box office.

All that is forgiven and forgotten, now that Mrs. Moody has donned her white sun visor again and assumed her poker mask. One summer on the front porch evidently convinced Queen Helen that Achilles was not right. "I'll keep on playing tennis until I'm fifty," she told reporters. "It's a relaxation from my art work." One wonders how the gentleman she calls "my Freddy" will react to that statement. Fred Moody—fated to go through life known as "Helen Wills's husband"—hasn't much use for tennis. He spends his leisure hours tinkering about his sloop; seldom watches his more strenuous half sock a tennis ball in anger.

Betty Nuthall, champion of these United States by grace of Mrs. Moody, will hand over the title she won on sufferance a year ago. Nothing short of physical collapse could beat Mrs. Moody, and, unlike her Victorian forebears, she is not given to the vapors.

Johnny Doeg's Chances

JOHNNY DOEG likewise seems destined to surrender his tennis singles crown, though the former May Sutton's nephew has a fighting chance as well as a fighting heart. Beaten by his fellow Californian—Ellsworth Vines—at Longwood and Seabright, Doeg might turn the tables. In justice to Johnny it should be said that he worked at a job all summer while his more fortunate or less ambitious contemporaries were having a tennis joyride to Paris plus a long stopover at Wimbledon.

Doeg is still short of practice on turf. At his best, however, Doeg would be no more than an even choice against Shields, Lott, Vines, Wood, or Perry of England. One of these contenders is likely to unhorse him.

Potentially, Shields is a greater player than the rugged scion of the Suttons. So is the temperamental George Lott. Wood, soft, subtle and polished, has a keener strategic mind and more versatile weapons than bull-in-a-china-shop Doeg, but what football press agents call "the old fight" covers a multitude of tactical sins and Johnny has more than his share of combative spirit. He is matched in that respect by Vines, the limber, lithe string bean from Pasadena who looks a bit like Lindbergh and never knows when he's licked.

Vines can unleash thunderbolts worthy of Doeg's right arm. He aced Johnny four successive times in a critical service game at Seabright. Not since tempestuous Mel Long came out of the Far West to smash, volley and forehand drive his way to a short-lived renown has any tennis prospect exhibited a wrist and eye to equal those of Vines. Long fizzled out because he couldn't control his temper. Vines has an equable disposition.

Wanted—Some Lucy Stoners

THIS brings us to the fourth amateur champion—Mrs. Glenna Collett Vare. This agreeable lady has been married since winning her third successive golf title last summer. I wish feminine champions would retain their maiden names in the competitive arena. It is hard for the casual sports follower to identify Mrs. Moody as Miss Wills, and Mrs. Vare as Miss Collett. The former Miriam Burns has changed her name twice. She won her only title as Mrs. Horn. Now she is Mrs. Tyson. All this is confusing. It muddles the record book.

Here is a fertile field for the Lucy Stoners. Just why should a non-athletic husband get vicarious sport page advertising because he happens to marry a feminine champion? It strikes me as embarrassing to any man who doesn't suffer from an exhibitionist complex. Let the girls keep the names under which they gained prestige on court or links, even as an actress preserves her identity on screen or stage.

If any one of the four 1930 amateur champions of America is to retain the title it is likely to be Mrs. Vare. She is inherently a finer shotmaker than Helen Hicks, Maureen Orcutt or Virginia Van Wie, but golf is notoriously uncertain and, unlike tennis, golf does not always run true to form.

In the masculine division, Bobby Jones's successor is likely to be found among a group comprising Jimmy Johnston, Dr. Willing, George Voigt, Philip Perkins, Charley Seaver, Morris McCarthy, Gene Homans and Johnny Goodman.

Sir Thomas to Try Again

SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S sixth challenge for the *America's* cup is in the wind if not yet in the mail and New York Yacht Club officials are somewhat embarrassed. They were hoping the tea baron would forget his promise to come back next year with yet another *Shamrock* in tow. Sir Thomas is said to forget a good many things since he passed his eightieth milestone, but the spindle-shanked, bulbous-waisted vase symbolic of international yacht-racing supremacy never slips his memory.

Certain unkind persons have suggested the tea business may need stimulating. Lucky Sir Thomas is one of the few mortals who can combine business with pleasure. Each new sporting venture serves also to ballyhoo the sale of tea.

(Continued on Page 511)

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The Week in Business

Sluggish

IN ALL parts of the country except New England, where the textile and shoe plants are taking back thousands of laid-off operatives and in many cases adding night shifts, business continues dull.

High temperatures have slowed up retail trade in all of the chief markets but Chicago, which reports department store sales particularly good during the hottest of the dog days. In agricultural sections affected by drought and insect plagues, retail sales have fallen off badly.

Steel and automobile production are still at low levels. The steel makers expect no improvement during August, but appear confident of an upturn in September or October, although those months last year saw ingot production on the down grade. The motor plants, shut down partly or completely for the vacation period, will soon begin to resume operations, and that will be good news for the steel industry.

In the investment markets the week was without sensational development, total sales of shares being comparatively small and changes in price levels insignificant. There was much interest in the consideration given to the German situation by leading bankers, but apparently not enough to have an appreciable effect on the volume of stock transactions. In the early part of the week stocks sold off slightly, but most of the losses were made up on a brisk end-of-the-week rally.

Hot Weather Mergers

ON BOTH sides of the Atlantic business continues, in the inspired language of Professor Bugs Baer, to get away with merger. In England it's coal; over here we have oil, banks, floor coverings, mail order houses and chain stores.

Sir Ernest Gower's plan to stabilize the British coal industry calls for the compression of 1,000 individual colliery organizations into six, a central directorate in each unit to control production, sales and transportation.

Socony-Vacuum has received the requisite number of proxies, completed the merger, elected Charles E. Arnott president and declared an initial dividend of 40 cents a share on the new stock.

The latest bank merger is a New York affair—Straus National Bank and Trust Company, Continental Bank and Trust Company and International Trust Company. The combined resources will be about $71,500,000.

The Sloane-Blabon Corporation, capitalized at $18,000,000, brings together the W. and J. Sloane Manufacturing Company, the George W. Blabon Company and the floor coverings division of the Certainteed Products Corporation.

Passing from facts to rumors, we have reports that Sears, Roebuck and Montgomery Ward are once more veering toward a combination, and that the Kroger Grocery and Baking Company is out to get the recently amalgamated Safeway-MacMarr chains. If this goes through, A. and P. will find itself facing a rival worthy of its steel.

INDICES

(*A two-minute summary*)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) August 6—69.5. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) August 6—62.7.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended July 25—741,752 cars (reduction of 15,803 under preceding week and of 177,549 under same week of 1930).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended August 1—31% of capacity (reduction of 2% under preceding week and of 27% under same week of 1930).

Crude Oil Production Week ended August 1—daily average gross 2,500,650 barrels (increase of 13,700 over preceding week; reduction of 14,650 under same week of 1930).

Grain Exports Week ended August 1—5,591,000 bushels (increase of 2,807,000 over preceding week and of 1,475,000 over same week of 1930).

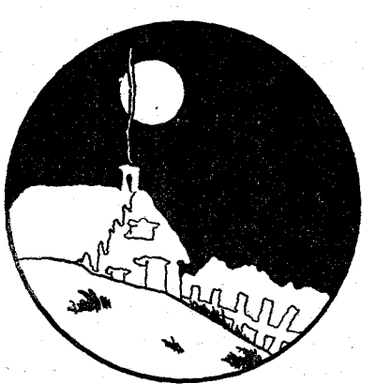
Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended August 6—$7,303,216,000 (increase of 16.7% over preceding week; reduction of 27.7% under same week of 1930).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended August 6—476 (reduction of 7 under preceding week; increase of 24 over same week of 1930).

Know Hipernik?

PLEASANT comments on the "Cactizona" story last week encouraged us to go exploring again, and in less time than it takes to say "Yensen" we discovered the existence of a super-magnetic alloy which promises to save the world millions of dollars a year.

The alloy (of iron and nickel) was developed by Dr. Trygve D. Yensen, research engineer, and was recently announced to the world by S. M. Kintner, vice-president in charge of engineering of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company.



Dr. Yensen passed X-rays through thin films of various materials. It was known that the atoms of many materials were arranged in cubic symmetry, with iron atoms at the corners and centers of the cubes and nickel atoms at the corners and centers of the faces of the cubes. Millions of these cubes form what are known as space lattices.

Then it was discovered that the magnetic properties of iron depended on the regularity of the arrangement of the atoms in the space lattices. A mere trace of impurity served as a wedge, distorted the symmetry and disturbed the magnetic properties. Dr. Yensen set out to remove the impurities and found that a special hydrogen heat treatment did the trick, producing the new alloy.

Why "hipernik?" Just combine the first syllables of three words—high, permeability and nickel—and there you are. We have our eyes and ears trained on Dr. Yensen, and when he breaks out in a new place we'll let you know.

Threat of the Chains

BACK in 1914 *Printers' Ink* made a thoroughgoing study of chain store management and problems. It was the first really comprehensive investigation of the subject ever made in this country.

By 1930 the chain store movement had developed to the point where another careful study was needed, and one of the investigators who was active in the 1914 survey, M. M. Zimmerman, tackled the job. The results are presented in *The Challenge of Chain Store Distribution* (Harper, $5).

Business certainly wants to know what the chains portend for the manufacturer; whether they will continue to expand; and whether they will finally eliminate the independent retailer and completely monopolize our system of distribution.

Mr. Zimmerman answers these questions in the light of his 16 years of study and experience. The chains will remain, he says, but only the strong ones. And they will never completely control distribution. In 1930 there were 7,837 chain store systems, operating less than 200,000 unit stores, whereas independent retail outlets numbered 1,264,000, doing 78 per cent of the country's retail business.

Here is up-to-the-minute information and sound conclusions on one of our biggest problems. Mr. Zimmerman has done yeoman service to business in giving it this invaluable book.

FRANK A. FALL.

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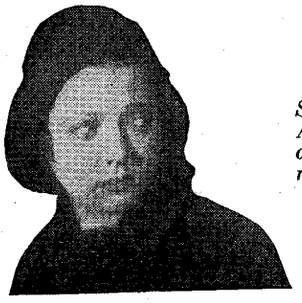
The New Movies



Sylvia Sidney as Roberta Alden and Phillips Holmes as Clyde Griffiths in Paramount's film of Dreiser's novel "An American Tragedy"

"An American Tragedy"

AFTER five years of argument and some weeks of legal protests from Theodore Dreiser, his ponderous two-volume novel has finally reached the screen. The result is an occasionally tense but more often dull murder trial film furnishing routine and never exceptional entertainment. Sylvia Sidney as the unhappy Roberta is the only person involved who seems to have come out of *An American Tragedy* with anything like success. She gives a fine and moving performance. Phillips Holmes as Clyde Griffiths, the boy, is wooden, lifeless and unbelievable, while Von Sternberg's direction is as flat and uninteresting as a three-days-old glass of ginger ale. Frances Dee, as Sondra, the wealthy society girl who loves Clyde, is as absurd as are all "society" people in the movies.

For some unaccountable reason the film is prefaced by the following bewildering caption: "Dedicated to the army of men and women all over the world who have tried to make life better for youth." The story—which is too well known to need rehearsal at this point—has not been changed, but in the necessary condensing a good part of the juice and flavor has been drained away, and all we have is a story of a weak boy who murders a poor girl who is about to have his child, when he finds a chance to make a wealthy marriage.

As for Mr. Dreiser and his legal efforts to keep the picture from being shown, neither he nor Paramount, nor Justice Witschief, who finally pronounced the movie aesthetically OK, seem to have distinguished themselves. I cannot sympathize with Mr. Dreiser, because he is a great big boy now and he knows perfectly well what the gold coast butchers do to people's books. If he didn't want to risk butchery, he should never have sold his book down the river. In the second place, he received $150,000 in cash before he started all this noise and, finally, the contract he signed, while allowing him to make suggestions and comments on Paramount's scenario, states that that company . . . . "will use its best endeavors to accept such advice . . . . in so far as it may in the judgment of the purchaser (Paramount) consistently do so." This seems to leave Mr. Dreiser out entirely.

Mr. Dreiser claimed, you may remember, that the film shows Clyde to be a stupid and criminally inclined boy rather than the victim of environment. The film, he said, "does not indict society."

In answer to this, Justice Witschief of the New York Supreme Court gave out a truly appalling decision, which should well infuriate not only an injured author but any sensible layman. He said: "In the preparation of the picture the producer must give consideration to the fact that the great majority of people composing the audience before which the picture will be presented will be more interested that justice prevail over wrongdoing than that the inevitability of Clyde's end clearly appear."

In other words, this Justice agrees with Hollywood that the cart should draw the horse—that the opinions of an audience are more valuable than those of the author whose play the audience has come to see. Thus does Hollywood forever cheat its audiences. It never tells them anything new or different. It merely reflects what it supposes the audience is already thinking. And now this procedure has legal recognition! The next thing will be a law making originality *illegal*.

Worth Seeing

Man in Possession: Robert Montgomery and Irene Purcell in a pleasant little comedy.

Murder by the Clock: Murders, graveyards and the other old reliable tricks.

Mystery of Life: Clarence Darrow conducts a lesson in biological evolution.

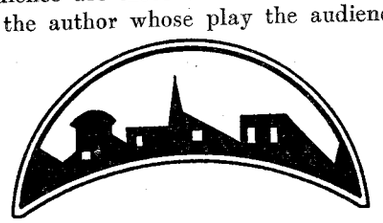
Politics: The best of the Marie Dressler-Polly Moran comedies—the girls try to clean up the town.

Rebound: Ina Claire as a lady who marries a gentleman who loves somebody else. The dialogue is literate.

Smart Money: Edward G. Robinson portrays a professional gambler.

Smiling Lieutenant: Maurice Chevalier, Strauss music and pretty girls.

Transatlantic: Life aboard a big Atlantic liner—patterned after Vicki Baum's "Grand Hotel."



"The Star Witness"

Two of the latest gangster films—started some months ago—make a valiant attempt to prove that they are crusading against racketeers and gang-rule, and in a mild, half-hearted sort of way, they are. *The Star Witness* (Warner) is the better of the two, for, in spite of some moments of gluey sentiment, it manages to move along at an excellent clip and be effective melodrama. It has the action and excitement of the previous gangster films, but it actually does show the boys in a pretty unfavorable light. In the first place the gangsters are portrayed by minor actors, and in the second place they are on the screen but very briefly, although their influence hangs over the whole story. Also it should be noted that on three distinct occasions Mr. Chic Sale (in his old Civil War veteran costume) says that we should "run them danged dirty furriners out of the country, and make it safe for real Americans." How this will strike Mr. Mussolini's warm-hearted, hot-headed, hair-trigger subjects, I do not know. In the theatre I attended the response seemed decidedly favorable. *The Silent Witness* concerns an "average American family" which witnesses a gang murder on the street in front of the house. In terror for their lives, they all refuse to testify against the gangsters arrested by the police—all except the old Civil War veteran (Chic Sale), who thus becomes the star witness. This film doesn't glorify gangsters—but on the other hand it doesn't show the intimate relation between gangsters and politicians which seems to be the real crux of the situation. In their usual modest manner the Warners announce this as "the finest motion picture ever conceived by human mind." Personally, I doubt this.

The Public Defender, with Richard Dix, also purports to be an anti racketeer film, but it is too fantastic and old-fashioned to get anywhere. A picture of same name was made in 1918, and this might be a reissue. A lot of crooked bank officials are accusing an innocent man of theft, when along comes Richard Dix, disguised as a mysterious "crook," who "steals" the documents necessary to convict the right man. Faintly entertaining.

CREIGHTON PEET.

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The Latest Plays

THE so-called season being unusually late in getting started, supposedly on account of the heat or perhaps the depression, there seems to be nothing to do but give our readers an inkling of what they are in for when something like activity in the theatre recommences. In fact, if I'm not careful, I may discover a trend before this piece is finished.

One thing that might be called a trend is the rather large proportion of foreign plays slated for production. Taking the thing up in approximately alphabetical order the first thing on the list is the visit of the Abbey Theatre players. That, of course, comes under the head of good news for the discriminating, although I believe that Arthur Sinclair, my favorite English-speaking actor, is to remain under the management of Robert Newman and continue to play, on the road, that unmitigated mess of tripe, *Old Man Murphy*. The Abbey Players plan to present repertory for a month in New York and then proceed to Chicago and whatever other cities appear to have sense enough to want them.

The next item of any great possible interest is a musical comedy, still untitled and unwritten, by George M. Cohan. If only he does something like the old Cohan Revue it will be cause for rejoicing.

The A. L. Erlanger Enterprises, as they are now optimistically called, are starting out with a comedy with music called *The Passionate Pilgrim,* in association with Max Gordon, of *The Band Wagon* repute. It is by a couple of fellows who have done a little work in this field before called Otto Harbach and Jerome Kern. Georges Metaxa, who shared the honors of the London *Bitter Sweet* with Peggy Wood, is to be featured along with a very talented British girl called Dorothy Debenham whose first real "break" this will be. The Erlangers are also managing Lenore Ulric now in *Social Register,* by John Emerson and Anita Loos, which I am just silly enough to venture to predict will be pretty stupid. And Miss Ulric will again be dynamic enough to make a lot of us forget about the play.

In addition to the above musical comedy Max Gordon, on his own, is going to do a version with tunes of *The Play's the Thing,* the old Molnar comedy, with music and lyrics by Hart and Rodgers. At first glance this would seem to be a little unnecessary, but when you've got people to deal with who have given such abundant proofs of their astuteness and talent as the Messrs. Hart, Rodgers and Gordon, advance predictions that the thing won't be a riot would be foolhardy.

The Theatre Guild can only idly ruminate about anything except their *Mourning Becomes Electra,* the little Eugene O'Neill tidbit that only takes three nights to play. True, they have announced ten other plays, but what makes you think they'll ever get around to doing them? Speaking, as we were, of trends, let's all get together and pray that this to-be-continued-in-our-next school of drayma is checked before it develops into one.

The best news that I know about is that Edith Evans is finally going to appear in this country. So far as I am concerned she is the woman who corresponds to Arthur Sinclair. Whatever either of them do is all right with me. Miss Evans is to appear under the Macgowan and Reed auspices in *The Lady with a Lamp,* a play about Florence Nightingale by Reginald Berkeley. Sybil Thorndike played it in London.

And, in spite of anything anybody can do about it, the Shuberts threaten to do nineteen plays, nine of them foreign, including *The Good Companions,* the J. B. Priestley piece, which latter is a great success in London and cost them, according to rumor, a pretty penny—if I may coin a phrase.

Well, I don't seem to have found much of a trend after all, except the foreign menace. Perhaps it's just as well. Wait a second! I'm forgetting the most interesting foreign importation of all. Herman Shumlin, who gave us *Grand Hotel* last year, is going to present *The Captain of Kopenick,* adapted from the German by the same William A. Drake who did *Grand Hotel.* That, I can assure you, will be worth seeing if, as is to be expected, Mr. Shumlin produces it with the same degree of skill. On the whole, I think we'll have fun this coming season.

OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

Recommended Current Shows

Gilbert and Sullivan: Only three weeks more of these delightful revivals.

Grand Hotel: It's getting to be a nuisance thinking up new nice things to say about this long run hit.

Precedent: Should be compulsory for all who believe in American justice.

Private Lives: Madge Kennedy and Donald Brian are the current leads.

The Band Wagon: The smartest revue in years with tunes that seem to wear well.

The Barretts of Wimpole Street: If you don't think it's too hot for mid-Victorian incest.

The Green Pastures: Last two weeks of the beautiful negro miracle play.

Third Little Show: Lots of Bee Lillie and not enough Ernie Truex.

Ziegfeld Follies: The old style Ziegfeld, thank the Lord!

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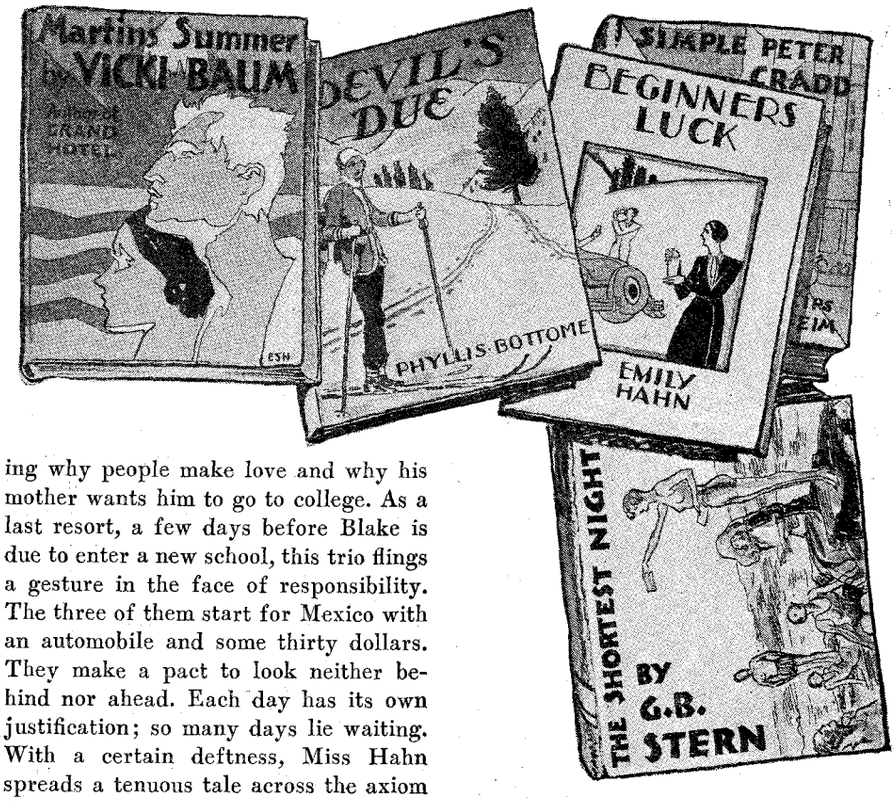
The New Books

Late Summer Novels



"DEVIL'S DUE," by Phyllis Bottome (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50). Exoticism sheds charm, like a rosy light, on all that it touches. Strange places, strange smells, and strange music heighten the personalities they surround, lending them a glamor which hides their mediocrity. Crooks, if they have been crooked in Vienna rather than in Chicago, seem more gallant than reprehensible. Lovely, unbridled ladies, if they flaunt their passions upon alien mountain tops rather than in speakeasies, achieve the dignity of authentic temperament. Peasants, because they till foreign soil, command your awe; aging, busybody aunts stir your sympathy if they live in castles. Perhaps this is why *Devil's Due,* wherein a ravishing countess and an unscrupulous nobleman play havoc with each other's lives against snowclad Tyrolean peaks, takes so firm a hold on your imagination. Gräfin Nathalie mingles the nerve and muscle of a man with the concentrated emotions of a woman. Small wonder, then, that when the notorious philanderer, Max, ostracized from Viennese society and sent packing by his wife for whom he can no longer buy furs and jewels, comes to work on a farm and meets Nathalie, he falls, for the first time, truly in love. Fate is not miserly with these two people. In the face of every obstacle they catch their joy. But, since Max has a feeble sense of honor, Nathalie's pride, which will not bend, falls broken. The story, high-crested like its setting, has an exotic, pleasing fury.

"BEGINNERS LUCK," by Emily Hahn (Brewer, Warren and Putnam, $2). The threshold of life leads from the safe walls of childhood into No Man's Land. Paths may be cut across the lonely plain; signposts may point out a choice of ways; but the moment of decision looms fearfully to many. Miss Hahn chooses three people eager for an escape from the stern issues of maturity and plants them in Santa Fé, where they frolic about, blinking at the shadow of duty which stalks them. Gin, the lady of the piece, plays guide to tourists for a living and, when not shouting the names of the purple, majestic mountains to fat men and deaf women, flirts none too discreetly with her neighbors. Teddy, having run away from home to answer what he hopes is the call of genius, paints aimlessly and runs up debts. Blake, sixteen and sent packing from the New England school where he was a misfit, spends his time wondering why people make love and why his mother wants him to go to college. As a last resort, a few days before Blake is due to enter a new school, this trio flings a gesture in the face of responsibility. The three of them start for Mexico with an automobile and some thirty dollars. They make a pact to look neither behind nor ahead. Each day has its own justification; so many days lie waiting. With a certain deftness, Miss Hahn spreads a tenuous tale across the axiom that there is no real escape.

"THE HERO," by Alfred Neumann (Alfred A. Knopf, $2.50). The acute, dynamic distress of post-war Germany pitches this last novel of Herr Neumann's. Political ferment and emotional uncertainty are the order of the day. Classes, standards, normal reactions turn topsy-turvy. Death has become commonplace; life, a nagging, imperious futility. Out of the upheaval, Herr Hoff, one time Captain in the army, possessor of medals for bravery, now earns his keep dancing in a nightclub. For his dignity and, too, for his self-importance, he serves a political party in secret. While he gyrates across the floor of the Imperial Bar with Ly, his stiffly smiling partner, well balanced in his arms, he is planning the service he must perform for the nation. Wet beads stand out on his forehead; his eyes bulge; he shivers, almost botching his step, then clutches Ly in a semblance of erotic energy which he is far from feeling. Finally, jarred past endurance by the blare of the saxophone, he halts the band abruptly. No one notices the dancer who goes back to his table for cognac. By this time tomorrow, Herr Hoff is thinking, it will be over. The Prime Minister will be dead. The dancer sits at his post far into the night. You are with him while he plans the murder, while he executes it, and afterwards, when it has become, in his mind, the one inescapable fact. Herr Neumann writes, anew, the story of Raskolnikoff, bitten with a monstrous remorse. You feel his body's palsy, his mind's revulsion, and the final shattering of his coherence. But *The Hero,* placed in a modern setting and accelerated even to the pace of the thoughts, has none of the rounded fathoming of Dostoievsky's book. Here you have murder, guilt and insanity condensed to an almost telegraphic form.

VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS.

Most Discussed Books

Fiction

Shadows on the Rock, by Willa Cather: Knopf. A charming, sensitive picture of life in Quebec in the time of Frontenac. Reviewed August 5.

A White Bird Flying, by Bess Streeter Aldrich: Appleton. The sequel to **A Lantern in Her Hand.** To be reviewed later.

The Good Earth, by Pearl S. Buck: John Day. A simple and dignified story of a Chinese family and their devotion to the land. Reviewed March 18.

Hatter's Castle, by A. J. Cronin: Little, Brown. The story of a brutal Scotchman and how he brought his own life down about his ears; excellently written. Reviewed July 22.

Ships of Youth, by Maud Diver: Houghton Mifflin. A story of Anglo-Indian life in which characters whom Miss Diver has previously introduced attempt to "live happily ever after." Reviewed June 24.

Non-Fiction

The Mirrors of 1932, Anonymous: Brewer, Warren & Putnam. Reflections of the ten leading Presidential possibilities. Reviewed July 29.

Portraits in Miniature, by Lytton Strachey: Harcourt, Brace. Biographical sketches and essays about French and English literary figures. Reviewed July 22.

Better Left Unsaid, by Daisy, Princess of Pless: Dutton. Intimate memoirs of European nobility by one of them. Reviewed July 8.

Washington Merry-Go-Round, Anonymous: Liveright; Official Washington irreverently and entertainingly exposed. Reviewed July 29.

The American Black Chamber, by Herbert O. Yardley: Bobbs Merrill. Memoirs colored with sensational disclosures of the Cryptographic Bureau established by the author during the War. Reviewed July 1.

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VICKI BAUM'S *Martin's Summer* (Cosmopolitan, $2) brings out with fetching force the fact that the behavior of men and women around bathing beaches is the same the world over. Nothing takes place in this novel, which is so much summer reading in contents as well as in title, that might not have happened with equal logic anywhere in the United States, from Sunset Beach, dammed-up from Lake Lynn in West Virginia, to the million-dollar boardwalk off the Jersey Coast. If there be a single difference, it lies in the fact that Dr. Martin Heil gives his swimming lessons at Frauensee for a few cents per struggle, while his American colleague would have charged more and done less. Otherwise our gifted author, whose *Grand Hotel* richly deserves translation, lets us down with a menu based on the attempts of a hotelful of women to catch a single man who is more interested in his own business than in their idle wiles.

Martin, having invented a non-inflammable film, sends his agent to this country to have it patented while he ekes out a living by acting as life guard and swimming instructor at the Petermann Hotel on Ladies Lake. Martin is as handsome as handsome can be, and when his brown muscles swell, hearts heave from the front piazza, the boathouse—in fact, from any place where women of all ages and marital complications, or unattached ambitions, chance to be. There is no predicament into which he does not fall before Meyer returns with the best of news. But Meyer returned just in time. Martin nearly died from blood-poisoning brought on by a scratch on a rusty nail, a wound inflicted while diving to recover a deaf-and-dumb *habituée* of Petermann's. And despite a whole summer of waiting for the good news, the book closes with a note of doubt in Martin's mind: Which is better? Half starving while waiting, or growing fat with a young wife who will in time be an old wife, and a business which in time will be a big business?

The United States, with the exception of the stretch from Lake Superior to Puget Sound, is entirely surrounded by water. This means thousands of beach miles. Every state has lots of lakes; Minnesota alone has fifteen hundred of them. This means fifteen hundred bathing resorts. Where there is no lake the Chamber of Commerce puts in a swimming pool. This means another resort. At each of these and all around the country Vicki Baum's *Martin's Summer* could well be placed, along with Gideon Bibles, tourist guides, and the *Christian Science Monitor*. For reading matter is as essential a part of a resort as are towels. And Vicki Baum's novel, apart from being quite amusing, is informative and uplifting. It shows men what women are like; and women what men dislike—an excess of attention, and rusty nails.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

"SIMPLE PETER CRADD," the newest novel from the prolific pen of E. Phillips Oppenheim (Little Brown, $2), is rather a radical departure from the accustomed vein of "the prince of story tellers." Said to have been written solely to gratify a long standing ambition of the author, it nevertheless lacks none of the Oppenheim best-selling qualities. The story concerns itself with an English leather-goods salesman whom we discover at the age of forty-six saddled with a nagging, unappreciative and uninteresting family and on the verge of bankruptcy. Without warning he inherits three hundred thousand pounds from an almost forgotten cousin in Australia. He divides it with his family, leaves them to their own devices and invades the English countryside to pursue his spiritual education. "The good life" unfolds itself to him under the guidance of the vicar's charming sister. This lady he eventually marries when the nagging wife of his unhappy past would have her freedom. The story is told with the usual Oppenheim skillful craftsmanship. It holds one's interest and can be heartily recommended for light reading. It does seem, however, that after an author has written a hundred and fifteen novels he would have learned to avoid such mechanical inaccuracies as referring to the same lady's hair as being three different colors within ten pages. He also has a way of seating a lady on a couch and a few minutes later he has her shift about in her "chair." Perhaps one grows careless after so many years of doing the same thing.

BERNICE WHITTEMORE.

"THE SHORTEST NIGHT," by G. B. Stern (Knopf, $2.50). G. B. Stern, trying her hand at a mystery story, shows us Fred Poole, dead in bed the morning after his return to Villa Aloes, where Sophia Framlingham was entertaining a houseparty of young people from London. Prunella and Paul had been out on a mysterious errand that night. The cup of tisane found by Fred's bed—had it been brewed by Rumples, and did it contain poison? And how about the remark Nancy heard Lal make over the telephone? Presently the much grander houseparty next door, which includes a half-Russian motorboat racer, an M. P., and Prince Lemburg-Boissy, becomes involved, and the plot swirls, thickens and slowly clears, leaving us with an impression of much good dia-

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logue and an interesting play of character, supporting a plot which is no better than it should be. We wish that more of the mystery stories we read were written with Miss Stern's competence and lightness of touch. But we'd rather Miss Stern didn't write them.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

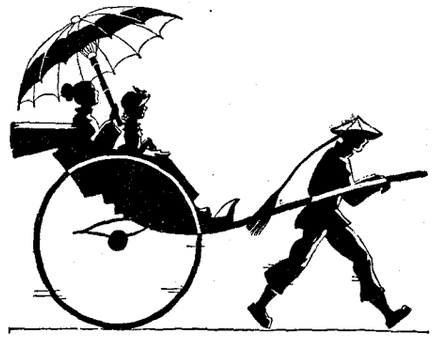
"THE Delicate Situation," by Naomi Royde-Smith (Harpers $2.50). This unusually charming novel is for a special audience. Its leisurely tempo, romantic atmosphere and, especially, its subtle irony will not please all readers. A more appropriate title could not have been found. In the phrase—a delicate situation—an era is implied. For the setting of the story of love and betrayal we have a country community in Victorian England. The chief characters are those which the Victorian novelists have taught us to expect to meet in such a setting. Miss Lena Quibell, retired governess, and Miss Christina Martin, former curate's sister, keep the Library and Emporium in Queen's Beaton. Miss Quibell tactfully keeps in touch with her former pupils. Miss Martin censors the reading for the town, covering in black those novels which had best not be read by ladies, and cherishes the fact that she is the only person in town who is privileged to bow to the unpopular lady of the castle. Into the resigned and placid lives of these ladies comes lovely Mary Paradise. She is Miss Quibell's niece, and it was her mother's weak and heedless act which, years before, closed the door of Miss Quibell's life. The fascinating libertine who has already been seen, off-stage, by Miss Quibell and others of the story, steps out into the full light close behind Mary Paradise; and Miss Quibell's scarcely acknowledged bitterness as well as the timidity of the two spinsters in the face of a delicate situation are the deciding factors in Mary's touching and tragic downfall.

The Delicate Situation is an extremely skillful piece of work. The plot is one which is, today, rarely taken seriously. But Miss Royde-Smith does take it seriously and obliges her readers to do so, too. She invests her characters, even to the Byronic hero, with reality, evokes for them quite definite sympathies and antipathies. She adopts, simply and affectionately, the Victorian point of view, with all its absurdities; leaving the irony which lies between the lines of her book to be put into words by her readers. Even her language is mid-Victorian with its stilted copy-book quality and delicate affectations. We have had, recently, a number of excellent novels in the Victorian form, long, melodramatic, thickly populated with type characters. And we have had some fantasies, quaint and amusing, in the Victorian manner. But *The Delicate Situation* is not quite like these. One might say that it is the record of part of her life as seen by Miss Lena Quibell, a mid-Victorian lady, and that Miss Quibell was born before her time, of it, but able to stand off and look at it.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

The Week's Reading

"CLIVE," by R. J. Minney (Appleton, $5). The bare outline of the life of Robert Clive is romantic. From obscure beginnings he rose to great heights; and from those heights was thrust or fell or leaped, according to the



From "Chin Chin Chinese Man" by Frances Nowlin Head (Dutton)

way one reads his character and story. An unmanageable boy, trained for nothing except clerking, he was sent out to India and there became a great soldier, a statesman and the actual founder of the British Empire in India. He made an enormous fortune and was dishonorable in his dealings with the Indians; so that he was hated by both the high-minded and the low. Partly disgraced and generally discredited, he took to drugs and died, perhaps a suicide. Mr. R. J. Minney, a young English historian, has written a long biography of Clive, far less impressive, for all its detail, than the meagre outline of his story without embellishments. This reviewer sees no occasion for a new biography of Clive. Only eager students of Anglo-Indian history could care for details of his military campaigns and political dealings and double-dealings. Except for elaborations there is nothing in Minney's book which cannot be found in Macaulay's essay on Clive. Not a little of Macaulay's high-flown rhetoric has found its way with few changes into Minney's book. If you want to read about Clive, this reviewer recommends Macaulay rather than Minney. Minney's *Clive* is ponderous, dull and badly written. A man who writes on one page—"It recoiled from their bad livers and their gorgeous liveries, their tawny complexions and their tarnished reputations"; and on another "—he was a little peeved that no official note of praise or gratitude was sent him,"—may be a good historian but is certainly a bad writer.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

"HALF-WAY," by Cecil Roberts (Appleton, $3.50). The reader should go at least half-way in *Half-Way*, in order to get Mr. Roberts' account of what he saw and heard in wartime. Here for once he gets out of his egocentricity, exhibitionism and dilettantism. He describes vividly the end of the war and the entry of the Allies into German territory. The picture he gives is, as he says, one of "delirious acclamation of victorious troops by a starved, ravished, but uncowed people on the one hand, and the mute witnessing of humiliation by the Germans on the other." Apart from that and from a few amusing anecdotes, the average reader will fail to feel interest in the annals of the author's acquaintance with famous people—writers, actors, statesmen and social notables. To Mr. Roberts his memories of people met, places visited, and the like, are of course important and entertaining as are also the remarks of the notables about himself. But, with the exceptions noted, there is surprisingly little of permanent general interest, considering the author's varied experiences as schoolmaster, journalist, editor, novelist, lecturer and traveler.

R. D. TOWNSEND.

OF BOOKS on great musicians there is no end; it may justly be said that their quantity is exceeded only by their lack of quality. We have many formidable tomes, of the type known as "scholarly," which smell of midnight oil and aim to include even the slightest facts; valuable solely as works of reference. There are also monographs much less voluminous, striving rather to make the musician's greatness manifest to the reader. This is a far more difficult achievement; to succeed, the author must not merely be a scholar, but also an artist capable of true rapport with his subject; able to see the forest as well as the trees, and, above all, having the literary, dramatic and imaginative gifts to evoke, in his pages, a living man. Such books are scarce. We have Vincent d'Indy's immortal *César Franck* and Ernest Newman's *Hugo Wolf*, the latter, unhappily, out of print. Romain Rolland has failed through the obtrusion of his personal philosophy. Now, however, there has appeared a new biographical study well worthy of a place beside those of d'Indy and Newman. This is

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Francis Toye's *Giuseppe Verdi,* published by Heinemann of London.

Among creative musicians of the first rank, Verdi stands unique in one respect—his isolation. Musical history has been almost unaffected by him; the path which he hewed for himself has remained a private road. Of methods analogous to his there is but one example today—Italo Montemezzi. Though the great music of *Otello* and *Falstaff* is so individual, yet the elements which furnish its personal flavor defy analysis. It is a striking fact that no one has ever been able to parody Verdi, though it has been brilliantly done in the case of nearly every other great composer. This is because his direct and sincere musical utterance is totally devoid of palpable mannerisms. His methods, evolved and ripened solely within himself, were the result of an imperative need of amplifying the means of his self-expression. What a moral this could point to the so-called "modernist" gentlemen who busy themselves so exclusively with new methods of self-expression while having nothing, themselves, to express.

Of this colossus of Italian opera little or nothing of real value had been written. Werfel's recent semi-fictional work is far more histrionic than biographic. Mr. Toye, however, materializes Verdi with a dignified restraint and sympathy born of a real artistic affinity. He etches with a sure touch the figure of the lone Titan who burst through the dry framework of contemporary convention by the irresistible inner force of his personal genius and a sincerity so immense that he never compromised, even with himself, where an artistic principle was involved which he deemed vital.

Mr. Toye's book is in two parts: the first, Verdi's life; the second, his music. It is written in clear, spacious English, and never descends to prolixity. Every incident in Verdi's eventful career assumes a just proportion, and we have an unforgettable picture of the grand old man, shy and aloof; yet capable, on occasion, of a tigerish pugnacity for his ideals. Exhaustive analyses are given of all his works, even though the early operas possess today merely an historical interest. The operatic plots, however trite, are summarized with a succinct clarity worthy of study by those gentlemen who turn out such a profusion of plot anthologies, each volume duller than its predecessors.

If there be anything to criticize, it is Mr. Toye's slight tendency to praise Verdi to the detriment of other composers, as, for instance, when he proclaims the superiority of the *Rigoletto* quartet over the *Meistersinger* quintet and the *Rosenkavalier* trio. Such comparisons can only be meaningless, especially in the case of great artists aiming at radically different effects.

But this is, after all, the merest surface flaw in an otherwise perfect jewel. The reviewer believes that this book should fill an honored place in the library of every music-lover who is interested in the greatly told story of one of the great musical figures of all time.

MARSHALL KERNOCHAN.

Behind the Blurbs

REALLY good translations are as scarce as hens' teeth, but M. R. James, who has written some of the best ghost stories that ever froze your marrow, has now made a very fine translation of forty stories by an author, *Hans Andersen*[1], whose work, more than most others', requires great delicacy and precision of touch in the translator. Enthusiasm and a knowledge of two languages are not enough. The flavor, the queer simplicity, the curious humor of Andersen have been distorted or lost far too often by his translators. But James' rendering seems to us just about perfect. He has brought patience, humor and a feeling for the right phrase to the work. This book is the best of Andersen in the best of translations. ♣ ♣ ♣ It was six aces in the deck that caused Ludden and Vincent to dissolve partnership in the VW ranch. Then there were two ranches, and somebody was stealing cattle from both of them. Each of course suspected the other, but after three detectives had been killed in an effort to locate the rustlers, Sad Sontag and his friend, who were rather upset when a shipment of cattle they had bought was stolen from the train, decided to take a hand. Further complications include the arrival of Ludden's lovely daughter from the East, the mysterious behavior of the handsome Ortez, the narrow escape of the sheriff, and the beaning of practically everybody in the cast by an unknown southpaw. Plenty of shooting, dead men, mesquite, tequila and other western props in *The Valley of Twisted Trails*[2], a first class, standard model wild westerner. ♣ ♣ ♣ Very queer goings on up at the hall, with the half-blind Soane, its owner, wandering about all night in its brightly lighted grounds, and mysterious parcels being smuggled out, and people crawling about in the shrubbery. So thought Peter, summer tenant of a neighboring cottage, and he decided to crawl about a bit himself, particularly as pretty Becky Sherwood seemed to be involved. If you want to know who Soane turned out to be, and what silly Freddy Cornish was up to when he gumshoed into town after Becky, not to mention what was in the chicken man's van, read *The Fleet Hall Inheritance*[3], a competently constructed tale of not too shocking crime. ♣ ♣ ♣ A dead man's hand sticking out of the ground under the old oak starts *The Murder Tree*[4] off in a crinkle of gooseflesh, and when the mysterious Cora, who came to view the corpse, is found strangled in the same spot, the most blasé hair will stand on end. It is fortunate that that excellent Canadian snooper, Michael Brent, is visiting near the Weir farm, for presently the tree shadows other corpses. The nice part of the tale is that a little reasoning from the facts should lead the reader directly to the criminal —but it doesn't. At least it didn't us. The story will give you entertainment as well as a puzzle to solve. And it's exciting, too.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

1. Lippincott, $3.00.
2. W. C. Tuttle: Houghton Mifflin, $2.00.
3. Richard Keverne: Harpers, $2.00.
4. Leslie McFarlane: Dutton, $2.00.

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Music

Notable New Recordings

All in a bunch they've come out with a lot of really delightful eighteenth and early nineteenth century short orchestral selections played by virtuoso conductors with crack bands. Somehow or other they seem to be just the thing for this sultry weather we've been having. So long as the conductors are the ones who have to worry about getting their orchestras to play with the requisite delicacy and precision, it's ideal to sit back and listen to the result.

The best of the lot is Mozart's *Symphony No. 40, in D minor,* as played by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra under the estimable Frederick Stock[1]. In these days of sloppiness it is indeed a pleasure to listen to an orchestra as well trained as this one. Dr. Stock has a string section, in particular, that for perfect attack and warmth and fullness of tone is unequalled in my experience. His twenty-six years as leader have had their just result, and it would be difficult to find a composition better suited to show off the merits of this ensemble.

Among the few rivals of Stock for sound musicianship, with a minimum of prima donna antics for subscribers who don't like to listen to music, is Wilhelm Furtwängler, as he performs with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. This time, on a single disc, they give us the seldom played *Overture to La Gazza Ladra*[2], which Rossini wrote in 1807. It shows clearly the influence of Haydn but is mixed with a good deal of Italian bombast. Some of the latter is attained by means of prolonged rolls on the snare drums, a sound which the gramophone cannot yet pick up with any accuracy, but on the whole the record is well worth having on account of the passages for strings.

Another interesting recording of old tunes is what Stokowski and the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra do with Haydn's *18th Century Dance* and Boccherini's familiar *Minuet*[3]. Here the conductor is evidently experimenting, and successfully too, in an effort to obtain the most pianissimo effects with the bass plainly, but not obtrusively, heard. It's too bad he wasn't working for Columbia, with their process whereby surface noise is reduced to a minimum, for the Victor scratch is distracting as it is heard through the softest parts. The Philadelphia strings also have not attained the fullness of tone in a quiet passage that the Chicago band gets.

O. C.-T.

1. Victor Album M. 109.
2. Brunswick 90188.
3. Victor 7256.

▸▸ From the Life ◂◂

▸▸*Hearts and Flowers*

The judge was a mellowed man. He realized it, with a sigh of indulgence for the weakly human race, as he considered the problem in front of him.

The case had been referred to him from a lower court, and that was understandable. No man likes to suffer for what he cannot help. And who can help the behavior of the human heart? The defendant had been ordered to pay a large bill incurred by the plaintiff and he was appealing to a higher court for justice.

What justice is there, mused the judge, that can be applied to these affairs of love? The more one loves, the less one cares for justice. The more one demands justice, the more likely is the other one to be in need of it. This man had had his romance, and that in itself is rare. Romance is not to be found growing by the roadside. Now he was tired of it. The lover had informed the lady that all was over. But not quite all. He had presented her at the last with a home, a charming little apartment in which she could sit quietly for the remainder of her days, remembering him. To this end he had furnished it handsomely and had surprised her by leading her to it, by relinquishing it with a noble gesture, and had then bidden her farewell.

But the lady had detained him. And the judge could almost hear the imaginary conversation that followed.

"It's beautiful—no one has taste like yours—but—but you won't mind if I change it a little? Somehow—I can't quite bear—"

(The judge could see the drenched and fragile cobweb that she pressed upon her eyes.)

"Change it?" her erstwhile lover had no doubt echoed in a voice between a bellow and a sob. "If it makes you unhappy I'd rather you threw the wretched stuff away!" And with an eloquent wave of the arm he must have added, "Fling it on the dust heap! Every stick of it—and get what you like—"

But here she had interrupted him. She had caught her breath and tried to smile, lifting her lashes pathetically. "But you would help me, wouldn't you? You would go with me and help me choose—something different? Something that wouldn't be quite all you—but partly me as well? Something that would be both of us, so that I could go on—go on living with it?"

At this point the judge scowled. Why need life be so difficult, he wondered? And he realized suddenly that he had been wool-gathering; and that even now counsel for the lady was reading her lover's letters out loud.

Of course the fellow had gone with her to buy the new furniture, summed up the judge to himself hastily. Of course he was responsible. Hadn't it been his wish to please her, at the end?

He could see that counsel for the lady was having difficulty with the love letters. Emotion was getting the better of him; indignation was choking him.

"'I beg of you'," counsel was reading aloud, "'have care, in my absence, of our little one—our darling—'." Counsel lifted his eyes from the letter and the judge sat up suddenly.

"I ask you," implored counsel for the lady in shaking tones, "to picture the callous brutality of this—this fellow who calls himself a gentleman. He not only repudiates his own indebtedness, he not only deserts the little woman who has loved him and given him her all; but he leaves upon my client's frail shoulders the sole responsibility of their—their—their joint darling."

The judge felt the blood beat hotly in his forehead. He felt himself convicted of sentimentality, of dallying with primrose speculations, in the presence of tragedy. For here was something serious and real. Pay his just debts? Why, the man was nothing but a scoundrel—

There was disturbance in the court room. Counsel for the lover was on his feet gesticulating and interrupting.

"I beg of you, your honor—I beg leave—I must explain—my client—my client is a man of honor—a man who would scorn—I mean a man who—in other words—their little one is a dog. A toy dog. A Pekingese. A gift from my client to this—this lady who is trying to take advantage of him."

But the judge had turned sufficient somersaults for one morning. This last one left him immovable as stone. He sat above the excited lawyers, above the love letters, above the cupidity of woman and the faithlessness of man, and not a thought went through his mind. Nothing was worth thinking about. Nothing was so. Still, he was a judge and was expected to pronounce justice.

A strange phrase echoed in his ears, one that he had heard somewhere. Recently. "Joint darling."

"Theirs is a joint responsibility," pronounced the judge in exhaustion. "Let them divide the debt."

Ibby Hall.

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Prose and Worse

THESE new hats for women seem to be causing a lot of trouble. The fashion page of the New York *Herald Tribune* warns its readers that they "have angles of style that we Americans must be careful not to burlesque." This, it seems to us, is a fairly open admission of a fact that we're all really pretty well aware of—that all styles that haven't a practical reason back of them are ridiculous. Why not come completely into the open and be, in our dress, as funny as we can—not as funny as we dare? Why not discard Patou and Poiret and the rest and let the cartoonists design our costumes? We've been (more or less) unconsciously funny for centuries; why not have styles that are consciously funny? Why get all dressed up for a few covert snickers when with a little effort we could be hailed at dinner parties with loud guffaws? And how much attention would a girl in a new Worth model get if her rival wore a gown designed by Rube Goldberg?

This applies to men, of course, as well as to women. The advertisements have dinned into us for years that success depends largely on the clothes we wear. Would Charlie Chaplin be the figure he is without his big shoes, his flexible cane, and his comic derby? The most wilted wise-crack becomes a keen shaft of wit when fired from under a burlesque hat. And how many statesmen have owed their eminence to grotesque peculiarities of dress?

Clothes of great men all remind us
We can make ourselves look funny,
And, departing, leave behind us
Quite a decent sum of money.

From the sublime to the ridiculous—in dress—is only the step that Adam took when that first designer persuaded him that he'd look smarter in a fig leaf,—a step that most of us take unconsciously in the first few days of our life. Let's admit with our eyes open that we have taken it and get some fun out of this fashion business.

☆☆☆☆☆☆

"I've quit working for the prohibition enforcement crowd," says Mr. Meadowcroft in a recent letter. "I was in sympathy with the work all right until they began closing up breweries and smashing stills, but that's going a little bit too far. What I mean, it's not good business. I'm as law-abiding as the next one, but when it comes to a question of interpreting enforcement in terms that do the interpreters out of a job—why, that's just plain foolishness. If you do your job successfully, you do yourself out of a job. Well, what kind of a job is that? Not the kind for this rodent. I want something with a future in it.

"Of course, maybe I'm too honest. There are lots of jobs where success means being out of work. All these boards for the amelioration of this and that, and committees on reparations and the farm problem and so on. If the members weren't paid anything until *after* they had solved their problems and got results, you'd see a big difference. As it is, they just sit around and smoke big cigars and think up difficulties. Anybody can do that. There's always two sides to things. But you can't hit the nail on the head when you're looking three ways at once. When you try to do that, it's your own head that is likely to come under the hammer. One way or another."

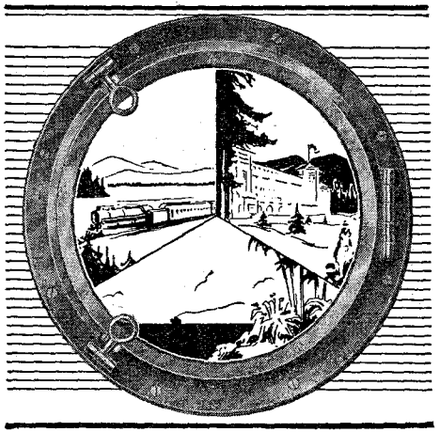
Mr. M. goes on at some length in this vein, coming rather surprisingly to the conclusion that bootlegging is perhaps the only calling open to one who is both honorable and ambitious. "That it has a great future ahead of it," he says, "no one who knows conditions as I do can doubt. The early dangerous days are over. Like the airplane industry, it now has solid foundations under it. The country is thoroughly liquor conscious, and its confidence has been won. I plan to get in now and grow up with the industry. The popular criticism of bootlegging as a profession, on moral grounds, seems to me to be nothing but sour grapes. The same sort of things used to be said about bankers, in the days when bankers were making money."

The letter is much too long to quote, or even to read, in full. But at the end he says: "I'm working for an Italian fellow now. He wasn't making much money when I came to him because the cops came in all the time and drank up more wine than he could sell. But now when they come in he calls me out of his pocket and pours me out a little wine in a saucer. I drink a little and then fall over and twitch a few times and lie still. You'd be surprised how quickly those cops have to get back on duty. Usually they leave their glasses nearly full and the boss can pour it back in the bottle.

"I can't get you as good liquor now, though, as I did when I was with the enforcement crowd," he concludes. "The prohibitionists have nearly all the good liquor in the country."

WALTER R. BROOKS.

TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR OUTLOOK READERS



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For cruise information or assistance with your vacation plans write Mrs. Kirkland, *Director*.

OUTLOOK TRAVEL BUREAU
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Justice Sutherland Dissents

(Continued from Page 497)

such a showing on the part of coöperative associations, Judge Sutherland, speaking for the court (Holmes, Brandeis and Stone dissenting), decided that such classification could not be upheld. The distinction in the Act was based upon a real difference—coöperative farming was deemed by the legislature to be highly desirable in Oklahoma, the Act attempted to socialize farmers' interests and to insure economic democracy—but the court refused to sanction what it considered an attempt to slight individual capitalists.

Even in the case of recognized public utilities,—railroads, telephone, electric power—where the legislature's power to regulate has long been acknowledged, the tendency of the court has been to bind the hands of the regulators by making them conform to artificial standards of value in computing rates. One of the outstanding cases in this field is the Baltimore Street Railway case of 1930. There the street car company objected to an order of the state Public Service Commission fixing a rate of fare which would yield a return of only six and a quarter per cent on the value of the property. The order was sustained by the highest court of Maryland, but was reversed by the Supreme Court. Again Judge Sutherland wrote the opinion. He held that such a return was "confiscatory," and that the company should be allowed to earn seven and a half per cent in the interests of dividends and surplus. Justice Brandeis, who is acknowledged, even by his enemies, to know more about economic problems than any one on the bench, wrote an extensive dissent pointing out that the Commission's findings were correct, and that in any event the court should be reluctant to substitute its own slant for the findings of a state body whose business is to know all the intricate details of the local situation.

With this manner of dealing with the efforts of governmental bodies to bring about some measure of financial freedom for underdogs in the economic struggle, it is not surprising that Justice Sutherland should have treated the Sherman and Clayton Acts the way he did. The Sherman Act was designed to prevent combinations of capital in restraint of trade. The Clayton Act, supplementing it, was designed also to protect labor from the injunction abuse. But in the Journeymen Stonecutters case in 1927 the manifest purpose of this legislation was ignored, and the statutes, aimed by Congress at large aggregations of capital, were turned by the Supreme Court in the direction of a labor union, and upon the complaint of a large aggregation of capital! The stonecutters' union had refused to work on stone of producers controlling seventy per cent of the total output. That is all they did—no sabotage, executed or threatened, no boycott, merely a refusal to work on stone shipped into their territory by unfair producers. The producers sought to enjoin them from refusing to work, and the Supreme Court held the producers were entitled to the injunction. Justice Sutherland wrote the opinion.

So it was really Justice Sutherland and his like-minded colleagues that the United States Senate railed against when Mr. Hughes was appointed to succeed Chief Justice Taft in February of 1930. Hughes's own past record on the high tribunal was liberal but was obscured by the immaterial though recent fact that he represented large corporations at the bar. It was still Sutherland and his like-minded colleagues that the Senate railed against when they rejected Judge Parker in May, 1930, though Parker was undoubtedly tinged with conservatism. Hughes and Roberts heeded the storm, voted liberally, and tipped the scales enough to throw Sutherland and his reactionary views into the discard during 1930-31.

Imagine the strain upon the temper of this grave and scholarly tory, whose name is indelibly linked to the proposition that legislative rate-making is allowed only on businesses "clothed with a public interest," and that practically no business is so clothed. Why, during the past term the new court actually *upheld* a New Jersey statute fixing the rates of commission that can be charged by insurance agents. The decision went far beyond any insurance regulation that had been suffered before. It would never have been thus under the old régime, and that very point was emphasized in the bitter, burning dissent of the brand new dissenter, Mr. Justice Sutherland.

Imagine further the chagrin with which this sixty-nine year old veteran of the judicial councils had to listen to the reading of young Judge Roberts's chain store opinion on May 18, 1931. After all of Sutherland's work to upset taxing acts, to glorify the Fourteenth Amendment at the expense of the state police power, to invalidate legislation designed to help humble people, it must have been an uncomfortable few minutes for him when the decision of the court was announced, sustaining the Act of Indiana which imposed a license fee on retail stores graduated according to the number of stores under one ownership. There was legislative interference which would never have been brooked in the old days. Sutherland himself, in those better days, with other men, had thrown out a similar attempt to check the evils of big business, had annulled the Pennsylvania law requiring drug stores to be owned by licensed pharmacists. And now the best he could do was to cite his own opinion in the Liggett drug store case in a vain effort to stem the modern tide of social control. The change in personnel and point of view had relegated him to the position of minority leader; he was leading a lost cause; his dissent on behalf of the abused chain stores meant nothing.

Such was the sad plight of Justice Sutherland when the pacifist case came before the high court. He would vote the old way, he would be consistent. As he had old-fashioned notions about the supremacy of property over government in peace-time economic battles, so he had old-fashioned notions about the taboos and dogmas that make for patriotism and good citizenship in time of war. He would vote to deny citizenship to Dr. MacIntosh and Miss Bland as he had to Rosika Schwimmer. But he could hardly hope for victory—his old foes Holmes and Brandeis and Stone had been joined, apparently, by Hughes and Roberts. Five out of nine win. And then, for some inexplicable reason, Judge Roberts joined him, and victory was his. It must have been gratifying to Justice Sutherland, on that late May day, to be back on top once more.

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of the Week in the Outlook of August 15, 1951

"The most noticeable relief afforded the crowded traffic conditions in our cities during the past few years," the *Town Planning Magazine* editorialized in its August, 1951, issue, "was the general introduction of the Patoff vertical taxicab, which occupies only 42 per cent of the street space used by the average taxicab of several years ago."

The President, on Monday, told the newspaper men covering the White House that he believed it was a prime responsibility of the government to come to the aid of the vast number of childless American families. "I strongly favor the Jones-Smith bill, introduced in the House and Senate last week, the purpose of which is to increase by $97,000 the appropriation for enlarging the scope of the Bureau for the Temporary Adoption of Children, established by the U. S. Psychological and Health Service."

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The Retreat from Wall Street

(Continued from Page 499)

by 25 feet will be ample. In it will be grown enough vegetables for your seasonable needs and for canning for the winter.

You don't know anything about gardening, did you say? No, of course not, but you'll learn a whole lot before snow flies, besides getting tanned, tired and happy because you've produced a variety of vegetables and small fruits and have saved money. Your State Agricultural bulletins on how to grow vegetables, strawberries, raspberries and poultry will be sent you for the asking. It isn't to be supposed you are going to be a produce trucker, or run a large commercial poultry plant, but you can make a hundred or two hundred dollars on strawberries, raspberries and asparagus, and another two hundred or even more on your poultry.

Let's not forget the wife who has all the housework to do—if you don't help her—and there are several ways by which she can make pin money. For example, she might plant bittersweet, a vine which bears bright orange berries late in the autumn and for which there is a good demand for house decoration; then there is the Chinese lantern plant which bears lively little Chinese lanterns in the autumn and there is a big sale for them through the shops in New York. Straw flowers also are salable. If she likes dogs she may take up the raising of any one of a dozen or more breeds and find a market for the males. Squabs are always in demand and the raising of pigeons is not difficult. Then the raising of mushrooms is most interesting, even if one gets no further than supplying one's own table.

For the timid these suggestions will have no appeal; they will be happier in a tiny apartment, but what real comfort and pleasure there will be for those who venture forth with the determination to "make a go of it." Let me assure all such that their chances are seven to ten in their favor. Not only will they find the work most varied and interesting, but there will be time for reading, motor trips about the country and week-ends spent with friends. So pack up your troubles and try it, you Wall Street victims.

The Spotlight on Sports

(Continued from Page 500)

The bluebloods who control the New York Yacht Club would prefer to accept a challenge from a new quarter, but the British aristocrats who go in for windjamming off Cowes are short of hard cash at this writing—and money is one thing that America's cup candidates can't sail without. They displace their weight in platinum!

The defending committee is the more reluctant to entertain a challenge next summer because the change in rules governing the type of yachts eligible to compete has apparently made obsolete *Enterprise, Weetamoe, Whirlwind* and *Yankee*. Small wonder New York Yacht Club members aren't exactly tickled at the prospect of a new levy on their personal bankrolls.

The new code bans most of the gadgets which earned *Enterprise* the somewhat sarcastic sobriquet of "mechanical ship." Winches below deck have been outlawed. The duralumin mast, which cost the *Enterprise* syndicate $40,000, is likewise illegal. V-shaped bow sections must be replaced by U-shaped prow contours. Interior accommodations for crew and afterguard must be provided by the 1932 sloop builders. The day of the hollow shell in sloop racing is gone, though sports reporters whose vocabulary is flavored by prize ring associations may continue to use that symbolic phrase when referring to *Shamrock VI*.

▸▸*The Next Challenge*

With business what it is, even the well-heeled New York Yacht Club pooh-bahs aren't hankering to shell out for another batch of the millionaires' toys. However, a political angle may force their hands. Lipton's next challenge, you see, will come through the ultra select Royal Yacht Squadron to which Sir Thomas has finally been admitted after thirty years of watchful waiting.

It is rumored that the governors of this swankly exclusive organization hesitated to accept Lipton's application on the ground that he was actively engaged in commerce and was not himself a practical yachtsman. Maybe the loving cup which Lipton received from thousands of American admirers as a token of affection helped sway R. Y. S. sentiment in Sir Thomas's favor. At any rate he's in at last and will challenge through the King's own yachting society rather than through the Ulster Yacht Club.

Now the New York Yacht Club can scarcely refuse a challenge sponsored by the Royal Yacht Squadron—that august body from which the schooner *America* won the cup that bears her name. The Royal Squadron last challenged for the trophy in the nineties when Lord Dunraven, a testy, bullheaded chap, withdrew his *Valkyrie* in a huff when she was disqualified for an alleged foul. Charges and counter-charges of unsportsmanlike tactics filled the London

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SAMUEL NAYLOR, MANAGER

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Would you like to have your child spend the Winter in Florida? Home life amid beautiful surroundings. References given and required. Box A7, Outlook and Independent.

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CONDITIONS OF THE *REMARKABLE REMARKS CONTEST*

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For the best Remarkable Remarks contributed by Outlook readers the Outlook will award weekly prizes of $5 for the one judged best, and $2 each for as many more as may be adjudged worthy of inclusion in the column.

Entries for each week's contest close at 12 o'clock noon on the Monday of the week preceding date of publication.

All Remarkable Remarks must be direct quotations and must be accompanied by evidence of their source. If the Remarkable Remark selected by any contributor has appeared in the press, it must be accompanied by clipped evidence, showing the author of the remark and the name and date of the publication in which it appeared. If the Remarkable Remark has appeared in a book, the title of the book and the name of its author, together with the number of the page upon which the Remarkable Remark is to be found, must be submitted.

All Remarkable Remarks must be accompanied by a single sentence explaining why the contributor considers the contributed remark remarkable.

In case two or more contributors submit the same Remarkable Remark which is judged worthy of any prize, the contributor whose Remarkable Remark is accompanied by the best—briefest and wittiest—explanatory sentence will be awarded the prize.

The editors of the Outlook are the sole judges of the contest and are ineligible to compete. All contributions should be sent to the Remarkable Remarks Editor.

and New York papers. Dunraven's associates are supposed to have taken a secret oath never again to race a yacht representing the New York Club.

Naturally, the New York Yacht Club governors are anxious to heal this feud with the R. Y. S.—hence the probability that a sixth *Shamrock*, flying the Royal Squadron burgee, will be seen off Newport next September.

▶▶*Regional Qualifying Rounds*

HERE's injustice for you! Donald Moe, one of the favorites for Bobby Jones's vacated amateur golf title, failed to survive the sectional elimination trials despite the fact that his 149 aggregate at Seattle would have tied for the medal in the Metropolitan district.

This year the U. S. G. A. inaugurated regional preliminary rounds to weed out the goats from the sheep. The country was divided into twenty districts, each one being allocated a number of qualifying places in proportion to the size of its field. For example, the New York district with sixty entries was allowed nineteen qualifying places, but Seattle saw ten golfers scramble for only four.

Moe's 149 gave him fifth place at Seattle—just outside the qualifying limits; on the same day Ellis Knowles led the entire New York field with precisely the same thirty-six-hole total. Knowles got a gold medal while poor Moe got the gate! This surely seems a travesty on fair play. Moe played well enough to qualify high up in any other district except the one he happened to be in. It was his hard luck to run up against several long-shot outsiders who were playing above their normal speed. Here surely is a sheep among the goats.

GEORGE TREVOR.

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